

THE
CONGREGATIONALIST

Boston Thursday 27 August 1896

IN AUGUST-TIDE.

O YOU who yearn, while August suns are wheeling,
For care-surcease, and for some cooling calm,
Know you the gracious power for spirit-healing
In tufts of red bee-balm?

In green fern-fastnesses where pungent savors
Breathe from the bruised bark of the sassafras?
In meadow hollows where the sweet-flag wavers,
And the blue-flowered marsh grass?

Come, I will lead you to these pleasant places
By paths made sweet by mellow under-song,
Where bough with bough and leaf with leaf enlaces,
And twilight lingers long.

There, from the cruel gyves that chafed and bound you,
You, like a prisoner freed, shall know release;
And with the healing quiet wrapt around you,
You shall be one with peace.

Written for The Congregationalist, by
CLINTON SCOLLARD.

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Marriages

The charge for marriage notices is twenty-five cents.

ALLEN—TRIPP—Aug. 19, by Rev. S. L. B. Speare, Harry Dexter Allen of Newton and Marion Beatrice Tripp of Watertown.

Deaths.

The charge for notices of deaths is twenty-five cents. Each additional line ten cents, counting eight words to a line. The money should be sent with the notice.

BULLARD—In Hartford, Ct., Aug. 7, Augusta Spencer, wife of Rev. C. H. Bullard and daughter of Deacon George Spencer, formerly of Deep River, Ct.

HOLMES—In Kingston, July 25, Abby Ingle, widow of the late Edward Holmes, aged 79 yrs.

YOUNG—In Colorado Springs, Col., Aug. 10, Rev. Charles S. Young, pastor of the Congregational church of Little River, Kan.

LEES—In Lowell, Mass., Aug. 15, Columbia Willis, wife of the late Samuel Lees, aged 82 yrs., 3 mos.

WELL TAKEN.—The point is well taken that it is the last few dollars upon any purchase which so often makes or mars it. A very good illustration of this is given by the Paine Furniture Co. in their announcement in another column. The advantages of a hall stand at \$18 over a pattern at \$15 is out of all proportion to the slightly increased expense. Yet how few persons have the good sense to withstand the temptation to economy at such times.

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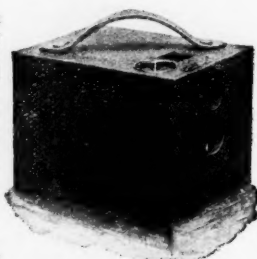
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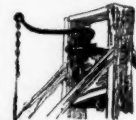
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HANDBOOK No. 11 (July, 1896).

Anglo-American Comity. By Rev.
WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D D

HANDBOOK No. 10 (April, 1896).

Eighty Years of Congregationalism. WALKER.
Eighty Years of Christian History. HURST.
Eighty Years of Political History. HART.

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THE finance committee of the Congregational Sunday School & Publishing Society has taken action looking to the transfer of Mr. J. H. Tewksbury, its Chicago agent, to Boston. Mr. Tewksbury has managed the Western business very successfully for the past nine years, and he is admirably qualified to take the position at headquarters recently made vacant by the death of Mr. George P. Smith. A formal appointment as agent cannot be made until the October meeting of the board of directors, but Mr. Tewksbury comes to Boston in September at the request of the officers of the society to organize the fall work. Mr. Edward Herrick Brown, for several years in the employ of the society in Boston, goes to Chicago and will be in charge of the business there for the rest of the society's fiscal year, during which time Mr. Tewksbury retains nominally his position as Chicago agent. Mr. Tewksbury will have a general oversight of the business in both Boston and Chicago and eventually relieve Mr. Whittemore, in part or wholly, of his duties as business manager, from which position the latter has desired to retire for some time past.

It will be something gained if this campaign clears the public mind in one particular, namely, the definition of the words debtor and creditor in ordinary business life. Every business man, as a rule which has very few exceptions, is a debtor and has an interest in making it easy and cheap to borrow. Every prudent man who saves something from his earnings is a creditor. He lends to the savings bank, which lends to business men. He takes out a life insurance policy in a company which lends to business men. He holds shares in a loan association which lends, or he invests directly in other men's business. Only the man whose savings go into an old stocking fails to become a creditor, and the creditor's interest is to have lending safe. Above all every man who works for wages is a creditor for wages due and has a direct interest in his employer's credit which makes work possible and wages secure. The interest of borrowers and lenders is therefore identical—what hurts one injures the other. Here is the West with its thousand opportunities of development needing capital. Here is the East with its piled up millions wanting opportunities of investment. Let them agree upon a fixed definition of the money

standard and they will trust and serve each other. In the prevailing uncertainty the West gets no loans and the East no returns of profit. Men are begging for money in one quarter, while money goes begging for trustworthy users in another.

A phase of the hard times which is specially trying for some of the weak churches and for our own church building societies is illustrated by the experience of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, whose lending fund for church building is all out. It is the rule of the society to call for payment of mortgages after they have run five years, save in exceptional conditions. But the whole fund being lent out the society finds that all conditions are exceptional this year. It is obliged to carry the churches which it has already aided to build until better times, and to refuse new opportunities of aid, because its working capital is all locked up in loans which cannot be called in. And this is only a single foretaste of the trouble which the degradation of the unit of value would make for all our missionary and benevolent societies.

The Bay Conference of California has very naturally replied to the vote of the Dubuque (Io.) Association, which had censured it sharply for its course in suspending from fellowship Rev. C. O. Brown, D. D., recently pastor of the First Church, San Francisco. The conference, which met Aug. 11, sustained its former action by a vote of fifty-five to ten and criticised the Dubuque action with great frankness, but, as it seems to us, with simple justice. It requested the Dubuque body to rescind its votes and reminded it, as was explained in our own editorial, that the proper remedy for any alleged injustice was a mutual ecclesiastical council. We cannot but hope that the Iowa body will see the unjust and un-Congregational character of its former course and repeal its votes. Since the action of the Bay Conference, however, it is stated in the public prints that Miss Overman, who had charged Dr. Brown with misconduct and then before the council declared that she had been guilty of falsehood and forgery and testified in his favor, has made another confession which on Tuesday, the 18th inst., was read before the ministers at Oakland, in which she declared that her testimony before the council was false and that her original charge of misconduct was correct. The effect of this statement is yet to be seen, but we cannot place much reliance at present upon the testimony of a witness who has been guilty, according to her own statement, of such contradictory lying. Dr. Brown continues in the most positive manner to affirm his innocence, notwithstanding the repetition of the charges.

The Philadelphia Church Standard shows an ignorance of the churches which it condemns as "sects" which is amusing. "The

only body in the land," it says, "which demands only Christianity as a test of membership, which does not supplement Christianity with some ism as an essential to fellowship, is the Protestant Episcopal Church." This is the exact contrary of the truth. Take, for a single example, the Presbyterian Church, which is strong in the Standard's own neighborhood. There is a creed for the ruling and teaching presbyters, but none for the members. One does not have to be even a Calvinist to become a Presbyterian. He will be received into the catholic church by its ministers upon simple confession of his faith in Christ. And is there no test for deacons and presbyters in the Protestant Episcopal Church?

Sermons are not considered the most promising of literary speculations, nor is their publication a probable short cut to fame. A notable exception, however, must be made in the case of Spurgeon's sermons, which continue to be published week by week in the English newspapers and have been circulated in book form among hundreds of thousands of readers in England and America. To him belongs, also, what is probably the "record" book order of all time—the recent order in England for a million copies of sermons for distribution through an enrolled band of 3,140 distributors, the expense to be borne by an unnamed contributor. Except the Sermon on the Mount, no sermons have ever had so wide a circulation nor, indeed, can any work of secular literature compare with them in the number of probable readers in a single generation. And the power is not in style, which is of the simplest, or thought, which is neither deep nor subtle, but in adaptation of evangelical truth to the heart and conscience of the plain people.

The comparative summary just published by the Presbyterian Church shows some encouraging features. The number of Sunday school members for the first time passes the million mark, exceeding the number of communicants by about 60,000. Expenses for the support of the home churches have risen to ten and a half millions, nearly the high-water mark in this respect of 1893. The whole amount raised for all purposes for the year is \$14,150,497, an average of nearly \$15 per communicant. Of this, however, over \$300,000 belongs to the special "million dollar" fund, leaving the whole amount of regular contributions half a million less than last year. The deficit, unfortunately, falls upon the benevolent work of the church, some of whose mission agencies are in real distress. The Board of Education announces that it must cut its aid to \$60 per student, and the home mission board has made a horizontal reduction of ten per cent., which will be distributed by the presbyteries in refusing new work or curtailing aid to old work, as they elect. Altogether, it is a time of shrinkage and of trial of faith for the Presbyterian

Church, though not without encouragements as well.

FROM A NEW ENGLAND HILLSIDE.

The long hill slopes down from meadow to bushy pasture, and from pasture to wood, beyond whose irregular and varied green stretch the glistening levels of the lake. From the opposite shores, broken by quiet coves and rocky wood-crowned capes, the land rises again to a panorama and sky line as varied and suggestive as any that even New England can show. To the left are the houses of the distant village against the green slope of a hill, and in their midst the white spire of the century-old church. Farm clearing and pine wood, crag and hollow, fill the middle distance, and behind all are the crests of the White Hills, from Ossipee upon the left, past central Chocorua, with its gray peak glistening in the sun, to the huge mass of the Presidential Range, against which Kearsarge seems but a hill, while still beyond is the sharp gap of the Carter Notch.

To one who has watched these peaks and valleys from different points of view, and looked from the summits of many of them to see what new aspect the world had to offer, it is no mere catalogue of names which the mind runs over. Each peak has its own individuality of form and station, and the thought of each brings back its surroundings of shaggy wilderness or wild river valleys. But nearest and best beloved of the mountain brotherhood is Chocorua, landmark and goal of the advancing settlers in the days when the whole western world was new, and landmark still for the traveler who sees its scarred peak through the long vista of the Notch, or from the top of Washington, or from the lakes and hills of the wide south. Now the sunlight falls upon it and its white granite ledges lie glimmering in silver light. Now a cloud shadow falls and it becomes as black as the spruce clad walls of the Carter Notch far to the north.

Thus the mountains are companionable from afar as well as to the few who linger in their valleys, or thread the mazes of their forest paths, or stand upon their summits. Even the sailor knows them like a cloud against the sunset in clear summer days. From this distant Maine hillside the eye delights in them and the free imagination goes among them with far less toil and strain, indeed, than the climber feels on their steep crags and ledges. They have one beauty for the eye and the imagination of him who never walked among them, a beauty vague and misty and unreal; but to him whose memory comes to the aid of his imagination what real yet glorified visions arise. We forget the crisp gray moss and checkerberry, the hawkweed and golden-rod under and about our feet on the stony hill pasture. Again we lie on the top of yonder peak, watching the serried clouds that march in stately ranks and companies from north to south, and throw their moving shadows over lake and hill and wood. We are climbing over the steep and slippery crags in well-loved company, and the pauses for rest are full of sweet converse and genial fun. We explore the great ravine by a rough track that winds among the fallen rocks and look up to the ridge that shuts us in. We climb and climb, over the edge and up, by grassy hollow, over rough boulders shattered by the frosts of innumerable winters, and from the very topmost peak

the world of New England is beneath our feet.

Blessed is imagination which can take such lofty flights, but happiest when memory has pleasant places for her visiting, where evil comes no more and all the good remains. To lay up such good memories in store, to find the best and love the loveliest of all surroundings, to hold true and sweet relations with our mother nature and our brother man—surely this is no small part of our joy and privilege on earth. To have been among the hills and not to love them, to have passed a thousand beautiful days by day without notice and without thought—surely this is to leave the imagination poor for all the life to come. This hillside were enough without the mountains, the poorest square yard of moss and lichen and tufted grass under the shadow of the fern, without the hill; but all the beauty of the world is useless wealth to him who has not learned to see.

The wind pipes louder in the trees, the armies of the clouds are mustering for battle, and one afar has settled down upon the peak of Washington. Long is the road before us, and it leads through valley lands with little hope of outlook over lake and hill. Let us gather a handful of sweet fern, whose odor brings so many fragrant memories, and turn away, for the vision is at an end.

THE CHURCH OF HIS BOYHOOD.

As a Christian revisits his birthplace in these vacation days, among the tenderest memories that throng upon him, second only to those connected with the homestead itself, are those centering in the village meeting house, his earliest church home. It looks smaller to him now than it used, less lofty and spacious, perhaps, and surely rather rusty as to paint; but its spire still points heavenward as faithfully as the teachings he was wont to hear within its walls. In the bright-faced urchin approaching, one hand tightly clasped by his father, the other clutching his Testament and quarterly, he sees his former self—the boy of long ago. Entering and walking up the familiar aisle, he remembers where everybody used to sit, and as he takes his place in the old pew all his boyhood's associations with the place return. How long the service sometimes seemed! How hard it was to refrain from sticking a pin into his revered parent when he "lost himself" during the long prayer! How his hand just ached to skim that fly off the bald head of Deacon Brown, sitting in the pew in front! He recalls some parts of the sermons, too. How they made his boyish heart swell with the longing to be good and great, to do something to uplift the world—be a missionary, perhaps. He had always favored that phase of religious work because it involved visiting foreign countries and seeing no end of lions and tigers and all the rest of the menagerie.

But that was long ago. Today, instead of being in the jungles of India, he is a prosperous city merchant. As he goes into Sunday school, the children of his old playmates look at him and wonder if they will ever attain such eminence, while he sees in the different classes a reproduction of his own youth at various stages. When a little girl stands up and repeats a Psalm he remembers how sweet Mary Ellen looked the day she recited a part of the thirty first chapter of Proverbs, and wonders if that picture of the ideal woman had anything to

do with making her the efficient helpmeet she has proved to him in all these years. As he sits there, being a practical business man, his thoughts move forward as well as back. Suppose that little girl who said the verses, or one like her, should marry his Dick when she grows up? In these days, when country girls go to college, one never knows what may happen. Suppose this bright boy in the Bible class, who has asked for a place in his store, were to become the foreman of his business? Suppose the minister's son, who has taken honors at college and is just entering the theological seminary, were to care for the souls of his children or grandchildren in time to come? "Bless me!" he says to himself, "it's a long time since I have thought of this little church; but it had a deal to do with the making of me, and I'm not sure but it's going to be mixed up with my whole life."

Times are hard and few can give as liberally as in past years or as they hope to do in years to come, but before our friend leaves town he puts a substantial sum in the hands of the church treasurer, "just to help them keep out of debt," he says. How could he better serve city, state or nation than by aiding this struggling country church in its work of purifying the spring at the fountain head?

STILL NEEDED IN JAPAN.

In the opinion of the American mission in Japan, the time has not yet come for the policy of abandonment. The exceptionally interesting staff letter which we print this week tells the story of the recent annual meeting, at which this important subject was thoroughly discussed by wise and far-seeing men. In our opinion, also, there is still room in Japan for American men and women. Their peculiar work is not yet ended because the position of the essential truths of Christianity in all the churches is not yet perfectly secure. It is true that it is Japanese and not American churches which the American Board has planted and helped to sustain, but the Board and the mission, while having every confidence in the Japanese Christians and pastors, feel that their own witness for the essential things is not yet finished. Until the testimony of the Doshisha is once more beyond doubt or cavil evangelical, or is replaced by that of another training school, and until the public opinion of the Japanese churches is thoroughly established in the simplicity of the faith, there is room for an American witness of co-operation and fellowship.

We hope the reinforcements asked for can be sent. They ought to be picked men and women, fit coadjutors of the missionaries already on the field, broad-minded, sympathetic, not bound to American fashions or Occidental modes of thought, but ready to give way in all but the essential things in order that they may hold these all the faster. If the needs of Japan at the moment are peculiar, they are not so peculiar but that they may be met from the material which the Board has at hand, tested as it tests its missionary candidates for every field. There is neither room for nor purpose of dictation, but surely there is still room for co-operation. It is not the Americanization but the Christianization of Japan which we seek, and while differences of administration and opinion are inevitable there need not and ought not to be real differences of aim or spirit between the

churches of the empire and their American helpers.

JESUS, THE CARPENTER.

We know little about Jesus as a laboring man, in the common acceptance of that term, but that little brings him very close to us. We have reason to believe that he learned the carpenter's trade with Joseph and worked at it, like other men, during his early manhood.

This fact illustrates his sense of the dignity and value of labor, labor of the mind in planning and calculating and labor of the hands in executing. Why he chose to be a carpenter rather than a farmer, a shepherd or a stone-mason, we are not informed. Probably he merely followed the custom which led most sons to adopt the employment of their father if it offered opportunity of service. At any rate, he allowed no restless ambition to tempt him away from the humble but honorable craft of the family into which he was born. Honest, faithful work at the bench was good enough for him.

His experience at his trade qualified him also to understand working men and their modes of thought. He knew their points of view, their methods of argument, the objections to the claims of the religious leaders of their time, their opinions about politics, etc., and he knew them from the inside. Through his connection with his own trade and his acquaintance with men of other occupations he learned to know all working men, not merely [by his divine superiority of wisdom but by actual human intercourse and experience. He was a true man among his fellowmen, an actual working man among others.

He has left little recorded about such questions as those which now are rife concerning the relations of employers and employed. But what he did say covers all cases in principle. Were he to come among us again in the flesh he would counsel mutual confidence and good will, fair dealing, a large measure of self-sacrifice for the sake of avoiding possible offense. He would hardly approve of strikes or lockouts, but would favor conciliation and arbitration of differences. He would condemn overreaching, cheating, misrepresentation and violence sternly and no matter by whom exhibited. He would bid employers treat their operatives as they themselves would wish to be treated if they were operatives, and would bid the employed to banish prejudice, avoid bitterness and seek to understand the inevitable perils and natural fears of the capitalist.

Is this only saying that he would merely remind us all of the Golden Rule? Well, if it be so, would he need to do much else or more in order to sum up his whole teaching. If all of us, employers and employed alike, were to begin at once to practice the Golden Rule faithfully, would there not be an immediate and final end of what we call labor troubles?

The arrangements for the reception of Li Hung Chang include the unusual honor of a journey by the President to meet him in New York. He is to be the guest of the nation there and on his journeys to West Point, Washington and Niagara Falls, at which latter place the Canadian authorities will arrange for his journey westward by the Canadian Pacific. It is rather a pity that he is to see the west of Canada rather than "the

States," but he is evidently in a hurry to get back to Peking.

CURRENT HISTORY.

Lord Russell at Saratoga.

The Chief-Justice of England has surpassed even the highest expectations cherished with regard to him in his address last Thursday before the American Bar Association, in convention at Saratoga. It will go on record as one of the greatest and weightiest of speeches of recent years. Its literary quality was noticeable, its logic strong and its spirit broad and beautiful, the moral gravity of the address being its most impressive characteristic. His theme was International Law, which he defined to be the "sum of the rules or usages which civilized States have agreed shall be binding upon them in their dealings with one another." He went on to show the part which American and European jurists have had in efforts to clarify and codify the rules and usages that have come to be binding. When he reached the topic of International Arbitration his utterances were listened to with the intensest interest. His was a well-balanced treatment of the important theme, frankly recognizing the inherent difficulties and admitting the necessary limitations, but giving unmistakable evidence of his own sympathy with every reasonable endeavor that has in view the substitution of mediation for warfare. It is true that Lord Russell appears to be less strongly convinced of the wisdom and usefulness of a permanent tribunal of arbitration than many advocates of such a court could wish. At the same time he makes it clear that he is in hearty sympathy with the sentiment prevailing among the Christians of both countries, which is now so pronounced and influential as to make the thought of war almost inconceivable. Lord Russell's definition of civilization is one of the finest ever framed, and we quote it herewith:

It is not dominion, wealth, material luxury; nay, not even a great literature and education widespread—good though those things be. Its true signs are thought for the poor and suffering, chivalrous regard and respect for woman, the frank recognition of human brotherhood, irrespective of race or color or nation or religion, the narrowing of the domain of mere force as a governing factor in the world, the love of ordered freedom, the abhorrence of what is mean and cruel and vile, ceaseless devotion to the claims of justice.

And his words about the incalculable influence which England and America leagued together can exert are also worth remembering: "No cause they espouse can fail; no cause they oppose can triumph. The future is, in large part, theirs. They have the making of history in the times that are to come."

A Grist of Speeches.

Bourke Cockran's speech to a great audience in Madison Square Garden Tuesday of last week was a brilliant and vigorous rejoinder to Candidate Bryan's address in the same place on the previous week, and far more successful as an oratorical effort. He confined himself chiefly to a discussion of the bearing of the free silver coinage at a ratio of 16 to 1 upon wages, and he made it clear that the chief sufferers by such legislation would be the great army of working men dependent upon employers for their day's wages. Designed to voice the dissatisfaction of the old line democracy with the Chicago platform and ticket, Mr. Cockran's speech did just that and doubtless confirmed, as well, the faith of the

great bulk of his auditors who were in sympathy with him and, perhaps, converted some who had been wavering in their sympathies.

That this is a campaign of speechmaking finds further illustration in the practice of the two candidates, who continue to speak frequently and whose words are telegraphed all over the country. Major McKinley, it is true, is not, technically speaking, on the stump, but since his nomination has made more than fifty speeches to delegations that have visited him at his home in Canton, O., and he is likely, during the next two months, to accord his visitors the privilege of hearing him discuss the issues of the campaign in this somewhat informal manner, though it is not expected that he will, to any extent, address audiences at a distance from his home. Mr. Bryan, on the other hand, after being the guest of John Brisbane Walker, the publisher of the *Cosmopolitan*, at his summer home on the Hudson, has been going into the campaign in earnest, addressing audiences almost daily. Last week he was in the rural counties of New York and plied the farmers with free silver arguments.

In Democratic Circles.

The guardians of the movement which is probably to crystallize at Indianapolis Sept. 2, in the nomination of a third ticket acceptable to the sound money Democrats, have received much encouragement during the week. A relatively small, but compact and enthusiastic, representative assembly of Maine Democrats has expressed its hearty sympathy with this independent movement, while Kentucky Democrats have also put themselves in line with it. The drift seems to be toward Henry Watterson of that State as leader, though greatly against his own desires. Here in Massachusetts both wings of the Democracy are putting forth strenuous efforts, and the State convention is sure to be an animated gathering. George Fred Williams, who leads the adherents of the Chicago platform, has burned all his bridges and is attacking bitterly the State committee and the Boston city committee in so far as they harbor in their membership men who have not followed him, and who have shown no disposition to indorse Mr. Bryan.

Managing, a Fine Art.

The position of campaign manager on either side cannot be considered a sinecure. Mr. Hanna has to vibrate between Cleveland and New York, apply the oil of conciliation to opposing factions, raise and disburse the funds required in conducting a thorough and aggressive campaign and oversee its ongoing in every direction and in every section of the country. He spent last Sunday in Beverly Farms in this State. His visit to New England was largely for recreation and consultation. This section is counted on as in the Republican column without any such strenuous campaigning as must be put forth in the middle tier of States. On the other hand, New York State presents a far greater problem, in view of the hostilities between the Warner Miller and the Platt factions, and the possible emergence of Mr. Platt himself as a candidate for governor.

The task of Chairman Jones, however, is far more arduous. He has much less money at his disposal, which, to be sure, may have its compensating advantage, but his chief difficulty will be to keep in line the heterogeneous elements which are nominally united in the support of Mr. Bryan. The

fact that he has not formally accepted the nomination of the St. Louis Convention of Populists has caused a disposition in some quarters to repudiate him and nominate another man. It is probable, however, that he will command the support at the polls of most Populists, though Mr. Watson and not Mr. Sewall will be their choice for vice-president in many cases. The fusion of Democrats and Populists in the Southern and Western States is not yet in every case a harmonious one, for it is not always easy to reconcile elements that have been so radically opposed in past campaigns, even though common devotion to free silver has a powerful effect in softening ancient animosities. This is, indeed, a campaign when individual action is the order of the day to a gratifying degree. The finger of scorn is no longer pointed at the bolter and the Mugwump. This, in the long run, will be a gain to the cause of honest politics and good government.

Prof. Josiah Dwight Whitney.

By the death in Lake Sunapee, N. H., Aug. 19, of Professor Whitney of Harvard College the country loses an eminent geologist who in practical field work occupied an unrivaled position among scholars of this science. He was born in Northampton in 1819, graduated from Yale College in 1839. He studied in Europe under well-known scientists and traveled widely, returning to be employed by the United States Government in the survey of the Lake Superior region and of Iowa. But Professor Whitney's most important work was his conduct of the elaborate topographical, geological and natural history survey of California as State geologist, which position he held from 1860 to 1874. In 1865 he was appointed professor of geology at Harvard, having in charge the school of mining and practical geology. Dr. Whitney was an author as well as a scholar and a practical scientist, having published several valuable scientific works.

Meeting of the Canadian Parliament.

The eighth Parliament of the Dominion of Canada was called to order at Ottawa on the 20th. The most significant allusion in the governor general's speech was to the question of the Manitoba schools, expressing "every confidence that when Parliament again assembles this important controversy will have been adjusted satisfactorily." This is taken to mean that the new premier has already arranged a satisfactory compromise with the provincial authorities. The question of the tariff, the ministry promises, is also to be investigated during the recess, with a view to relieving the burdens of the people. After voting supplies the Parliament will be adjourned until the time of its regular meeting early next year.

The Journey of the Czar.

Official Europe is in a state of perturbation over the arrangements for the journey of the czar. The French are preparing to give him a welcome to Paris, which shall be a full expression of the value they put upon the Russian alliance. In Germany Berlin is disturbed because his meeting with Emperor William is not to be at the capitol. His visit to England is to be a strictly private one, made to the queen at her residence in the Highlands, though *The Speaker* announces that he will give an audience to Lord Salisbury which may be fruitful of great political consequences. The visit means much more to Paris, which has not

welcomed a reigning monarch since the shah of Persia was there in 1873, than to any other city, but the czar seems to be everywhere in the greatest social demand.

The Advance on the Nile.

The evidences of premeditation and far-seeing purpose which marked the sudden direction of the English forces against the Mahdi last March continue. A new advance, which has evidently been waiting only for water high enough to float the steamers past the obstructions on the Nile, has been ordered, and newspaper correspondents have been forbidden to send news from the front without official examination and approval. With the steamers in the clear channel above the Semnah Gate, a long and rapid advance is probable. At the same time comes the news of the appearance of a Belgian force under Baron Dhanis, in which are many British volunteers, on the Upper Nile, at Lado, in the extreme northeast corner of the Congo Free State. If this force advances down the Nile as the British and Egyptian force ascends, the Mahdi's people will be caught between two fires. The strengthening of the British hold on Egypt, involved in the reconquest and occupation of the Soudan, will be sure to awaken French hostility to England and make the path of Sir Edmund Monson, who has just been appointed to succeed Lord Dufferin as British ambassador in Paris, a difficult one.

IN BRIEF.

So widely and deeply is Dr. George Leon Walker of Hartford loved that the news of his serious illness will bring sorrow to a multitude of hearts. He suffered last Saturday a severe paralytic shock at his summer home in Brattleboro, Vt. A letter just at hand from his son, Prof. Williston Walker, states that his father's condition is a very dangerous and disabled one, though no immediate fatal result is anticipated. He is conscious, but the physicians are not yet willing to encourage a positive hope that he will be better. We shall all pray that this strong and trusted leader may yet be spared to his friends and the world.

Why not call the united city into which New York, Brooklyn and other towns are soon to be merged by a characteristic and euphonious name like Manhattan. Then the present names will survive as names of localities with advantage and without confusion.

Mr. Bryan's own explanation of the fact that he read his New York speech is that "it would be better to disappoint those who listened than to risk an unfair or partial report by the opposition press." This bit of pessimistic distrust proved an exceedingly bad venture—but then, perhaps the managers of the campaign had something to say about it.

President Cleveland's silence in the midst of the temptations and excitements of the campaign will have the approval of every sober-minded and self-respecting American. The President of the United States holds too high an office to be in the thick of the political skirmish line. That he will declare his opinion at the right time we all expect, but it will be done with the dignity becoming in the Chief Magistrate of a great nation.

The movement to make Rev. S. J. Barrows, editor of the *Christian Register* of this city, the Republican nominee for Congress from the tenth district has our hearty sympathy. Editors of religious newspapers, so far as our experience and observation go, are not often sought for in this connection, but we know of no one in our circle of journalistic confrères

who is better qualified than Mr. Barrows for honorable and capable public service.

General Booth's great Salvation Army show in London the other day must have been worth seeing. There are advantages in autocracy, and the general was able to bring together exhibits, human and otherwise, from the ends of the earth, as well as to show some of the results of his social experiments. Whether it is profitable for the recruits to be made a show of is another question.

It is refreshing to learn of a vocation in which there is an excess of opportunities for labor. Police Commissioner Roosevelt advertises for 800 new policemen in New York city and says the supply is not yet adequate to the demand. The calling, to be sure, may not be quite as remunerative as it was before the Parkhurst crusade, but its legitimate pay is sure and it must still possess many attractions for the unemployed.

Prince Bismarck is now, we see it stated, a doctor of medicine, having received the honorary degree of M. D. from the University of Jena. We suppose it is as the man who treated the bodies corporate of Europe with his celebrated course of "blood and iron" that he was thought deserving of this title. Or, perhaps, since he holds all the other doctorates, they reserved this one for his old age lest he should take a fancy to engage in actual practice.

Ian Maclaren's American trip has been now somewhat definitely marked out. He sails from Liverpool on the Germanic, Sept. 16, and the first of his Lyman Beecher lectures at Yale will be delivered Sept. 28. He expects to return home before Christmas, having in the meantime visited different sections of the country. It is not too early to say: Welcome, Ian Maclaren, prince of story tellers! Welcome, Dr. Watson, gifted preacher of Christ's gospel!

The Chicago judge who recently allowed alimony to a husband in a suit for divorce brought by his wealthy wife upon the principle that women now stand upon an absolute equality with men, and that "every reason of right, justice and morals is in favor of the proposition that the duties which the husband and wife owe each other are reciprocal," may have earned the gratitude and affection of the "emancipators" of the downtrodden sex. But we have our doubts about it.

In connection with the awful tidal wave which our Japanese correspondent describes this week, there were several extraordinary occurrences. One foreigner, a French Catholic priest, lost his life, owing, it is stated, to his having delayed a moment to tie up his shoes. His Japanese associate, who was not thus hampered, escaped unharmed. One hundred and fifty-five convicts were set free from one of the prisons when the death-dealing wave broke over the town. Four days later they all voluntarily returned to jail. Let America match that if she can.

Dr. Gunsaulus's oratorical gifts are put to good use when, as at Plymouth last week, he sets forth the issues of this campaign looked at from the point of view of honesty and the welfare of all the people. His words will be of great service to the Republican ticket wherever he can be persuaded to take the platform, for he speaks not as a partisan but as one who is convinced that widespread disaster would be liable to follow a Democratic victory. Dr. Gunsaulus's words are all the more weighty because of his identification with Armour Institute in Chicago, and because he dares to speak out against the oppression and greed of unscrupulous capitalists and is in thorough sympathy with all movements that make for the real upbuilding and betterment of the common people.

In reply to the call sent out last May, by a committee consisting of Rev. Lyman Bartlett, Miss Carrie Borden and Mrs. M. W. Wiggin, for clothing for destitute Armenians in Turkey, casks, barrels, boxes, packages about a hundred in number, have found their way to the Congregational House. In the neighborhood of 7,000 articles, valued at \$9,000, have been received and, through the courtesy of the American Board, carefully repacked in its packing rooms. By the cordial co-operation of the Cunard Steamship Company all this clothing, about twelve tons in weight, is being conveyed to Constantinople and Smyrna free of cost. In order to transport boxes from Constantinople to the interior, however, where is the greatest destitution, \$150 is imperatively needed at once. Contributions, in the form of money orders or checks, may be sent to Rev. Lyman Bartlett, 7 Congregational House, Boston.

Family reunions usually abound at this season of the year, and we have heard of more than one interesting gathering of members of clans that have a common ancestry. One of the largest in New England this summer was the reunion of members of the Lee family at Farmington, Ct., Aug. 13. A hundred or more of those who are proud to bear that name came together to participate in exercises suitable to the occasion. The main address was by Rev. F. T. Lee of Chicago, once a member of *The Congregationalist's* staff, who has been spending several weeks in this vicinity. His brother, Rev. L. O. Lee, is one of the missionaries of the American Board in Turkey. Any family owes a debt of gratitude to the man who is willing to expend the time and labor necessary to epitomize properly its history. Not every family would discover through such researches, as did Mr. Lee, that doctors have predominated among the masculine descendants of the original American ancestor, while lawyers have been remarkably scarce.

No one looking into Park Street Church last Sunday would have guessed from the size of the congregations, morning and evening, that it was a hot August Sunday. Dr. Gregg was in his old pulpit and many who once heard him regularly there were present to greet him. One young man, a college student, was heard to remark after the morning service that he considered it the best sermon he ever heard in his life. Its theme was *The Indifference of Men to the Church and Religion*, and the discourse was a noble plea for larger masculine interest in, and allegiance to, the church of Christ. Dr. Gregg was frank enough to intimate that narrow-minded preachers, who frame elaborate theories and set forth complicated dogmas, may be one cause of the unfriendly disposition of some men toward organized Christianity. We used to think when Dr. Gregg was located in this city that he knew how to preach, but his three years in his Brooklyn pulpit have made him still more interesting and effective. When a man loves to preach he does not often lack an audience.

A current impression that Miss Clara Barton has closed her work for the suffering Armenians and is on her way back to the United States, due to the fact that she has left Constantinople for a rest with friends in Germany, is most unfortunate. She is in readiness to return to Constantinople in the fall and has left the relief work in competent hands. Instead of relaxing efforts to raise money and to keep up supplies the National Armenian Relief Committee reiterates its demands for help from the people of America in view of the horrible suffering from cold and hunger that is before the Armenians during the long winter months. It is expected that the relief work will become more truly international and official now that Europe is waking up to the situation. Germany is to open orphan

asylums at Harpoot, Oorfa and Cesarea, under the protection of the government and in the care of the Kaiserwerth Deaconesses; Switzerland has relief committees at Geneva, Zurich, Basle and Berne; and England is making strenuous efforts to keep up supplies for the winter.

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM THE INTERIOR.

Macatawa Park Summer School.

Although this school is undenominational its management from the first has been almost entirely in Congregational hands. Situated on the east shore of Lake Michigan, a short ride from Chicago, its attractions as a summer resting place have drawn thither a good number of permanent summer residents, among them the families of some of our well-known ministers. Professor Taylor has a cottage here and Rev. Mr. Westervelt of Morgan Park, the founder of Macatawa, has a home here. So has Rev. J. H. Parr, the principal of a prosperous private school on the south side. Rev. G. H. Wilson of Paxton, formerly of Hinsdale, Ill., now the manager of the program for summer study and lectures, also finds here his summer rest. It is a favorite resort, too, for such men as Prof. S. I. Curtiss and Rev. Dr. E. A. Adams of the Bohemian Mission. The lecture course this year has been rich. Rev. J. M. Campbell of Lombard, Ill., has discussed in sixteen lectures the doctrine of the Holy Spirit in its relation to modern Christological thought. Those who are familiar with his writings will not need to be told how stimulating his lectures were. Professor Taylor and Z. S. Holbrook, Esq., of the *Bibliotheca* have also spoken on subjects pertaining to their departments of study. Dr. Philip Krohn of the Lake View Church has given a lecture growing out of his recollections of the war. Rev. Theodore Clifton of Trinity Church and Rev. E. T. Lee of the Douglass Park Church have been among the speakers. Macatawa is a beautiful spot, and is fast becoming a very popular resort. The brethren who have worked together in organizing and establishing the summer school there are deserving of a more generous assistance in the way of financial aid than they have yet received.

The Rockford Messiah.

The man Schweinfurth, claiming to be the Messiah and living on a farm of 400 acres a few miles from Rockford as the head of a company of devoted followers, numbering fifty or sixty, many of them women, has been exposed by a former believer as an impostor of the worst sort. To the relief of the good people of Rockford, he is now in Minneapolis, it is said on a visit. It is also reported that he intends to remove his "heaven," as he calls it, to California, although charges now pending against him in the courts may have first to be met. The farm, which is mortgaged, has been deeded back to its original owner, who is glad to get it even with the burden which rests upon it. Schweinfurth succeeded a Mrs. Beekman, who claimed to be the Messiah and gathered quite a large following, although his moral influence has never been as good as hers. Some of the original Beekmanites are among the more bitter of Schweinfurth's assailants.

Subject for a New Play.

Sunday, Aug. 16, more than a thousand people met at Starved Rock, on the Illinois River, one hundred miles from Chicago, to witness a play in which the dramatic inci-

dents and material of more than two centuries ago were set forth by Herver Merker of the *Staats Zeitung*. The play is called *Tonti*, after the gallant Frenchman who accompanied La Salle on his explorations, and who, with the Illinois, passed a winter on the rock in a fort erected by himself and La Salle, with the approval of the Canadian authorities, as a means of defence against the Iroquois. The rock is in the town of Utica and furnishes a view from its summit of great beauty. Nature herself provided the scenery for the stage. The actors, who had been carefully selected, did well. The performance began at 3 p. m. and lasted two hours. The grand council between the Iroquois and the Illinois over the slaughter which had taken place in the village of the latter, which lay at the foot of the rock, *Tonti*, Barbe, the niece of La Salle, whom *Tonti* married, the return of *Tonti* after his visit to Texas where La Salle was killed, are said to have been represented vividly and impressively. Mr. Merker has taken some liberties in dealing with historical facts. Mr. E. B. Mason, the best living authority on the early history of Illinois, says that the village which was destroyed was at the foot of Buffalo Rock, near Ottawa, on the north side of the river, and was removed to the plain at the foot of Starved Rock after the massacre. In this he disagrees with Parkman, but seems to have good grounds for his opinion in a letter by La Salle himself.

Massacre at Fort Dearborn.

This occurred eighty-four years ago, Aug. 15. Till quite recently it was believed that the only extant account of this cruel affair is contained in *Waubun*, a book written by Mrs. John H. Kinzie, in which the chief feature is the description of the old fort, of those who occupied it, and their terrible fate at the hands of infuriated Indians. Another book has now been discovered, antedating Mrs. Kinzie's by about four years, bearing the title *Wau Nan Gee, or the Massacre at Chicago*, a romance of the American Revolution, by Major Richardson. The preface is dated at New York, March 30, 1852. It is not yet known who Major Richardson was, though it is conjectured that he was in the British service. His story, of great interest to all who care for the early history of Chicago and for the fortunes of Mr. Kinzie, the famous Indian trader and for many years one of our most prominent citizens, is painful though instructive reading.

An Advance Step.

Every friend of the Sunday School and Publishing Society must rejoice at the decision to employ a lady missionary and primary school instructor. The society is to be congratulated on the choice of Mrs. Mary Foster Bryner as that missionary and teacher. She is a woman of rare gifts. She has been in charge of the primary department of the Union Park Sunday School for seven years, and has made it one of the best in the country. Her entrance upon this new work is a serious loss to Union Park, although she has trained others who will now take her place while she enters that wider field for which her endowments and her experience so richly fit her. It is confidently expected that the 750 Sunday schools in this district will provide for her support by extra offerings, and that more than enough will be given Rally Sunday, Sept. 27, to meet all the additional expense connected with her employment. Her presence in any

school, even for a single hour, cannot fail to be an inspiration.

Mr. J. W. Tewksbury.

While Chicago is far from willing to give up Mr. Tewksbury, the Chicago agent of the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society, and while his removal from Chicago takes a family of earnest Christian workers out of the Union Park church, one cannot help feeling that his experience and success in the management of the Chicago store have prepared him admirably for the position of agent at Boston, made vacant by the death of Mr. Smith. The store here has never been in a better condition than at present, and sales have steadily increased each year. Mr. Tewksbury will be greatly missed by hosts of friends, and by none more than by the Congregational ministers and churches of the Northwest whose interests he has so earnestly striven to further.

Municipal Economy.

Commissioner Downey, since his appointment about a month ago as chief of the department of public works, has been bringing consternation to the minds of his employes. Supernumeraries, men unable to do good work for fair wages, have been dismissed by the score. Recently twenty on a single day left the city's service for the city's advantage. Several inspectors, whose duties others can discharge without cost to the city, have also been permitted to retire from their lucrative posts. A number of contractors have been notified that their work is not according to contract, and that the city will neither accept it nor pay for it. In all this taxpayers rejoice, for they are convinced that, if the enormous sum of money employed in running the city were judiciously expended, our streets would be clean and every department of our public service have funds enough and to spare.

Chicago, Aug. 22.

FRANKLIN.

FROM THE NORTHWEST.

The University Summer School.

Minnesota makes ample provision for summer schools, and a large number of teachers and students devote a part of their vacation to these sessions held in different parts of the State. The university has one of the largest, if not the largest, schools in the country, with nearly forty instructors and about 1,300 pupils enrolled. These four weeks are also used by many in doing post-graduate work. The curriculum includes not only the branches taught in our higher schools and universities, but physical culture and domestic economy also, as well as lecture courses by prominent educators. Methods acquired here are carried back to the home study and schoolhouse and an enthusiasm enkindled in the university atmosphere which is not elsewhere attainable.

Good Citizenship League.

This new society in Minneapolis is growing rapidly and branches are being organized in nearly all the wards. Already in some of the wards rousing mass meetings have been held and names proposed for aldermen, and the best people are determined to see to it that these men shall be supported at the primaries by selecting delegates favorable to them in the convention. The people are agreed for the present to do one thing, and that is to get such aldermen for the next two years as shall not be without occupation or visible means of support aside from the \$500 aldermanic salary. It

is not only true that we have been having too much national politics in our municipal affairs, but that it has also been of the wrong kind. Less national and more municipal politics is what is needed and the voters of the Flour City are out on this crusade to win, however long and severe the fight may prove to be.

Rev. William J. Gray.

The pastor of the Open Door Church, Minneapolis, has no option but to seek a milder climate in which to work. For over four years Mr. Gray has been doing a most successful work in a very difficult field, owing to the change of people in the community—Americans going out and foreigners coming in. Not a member of the church but that regrets the necessity for the resignation. Aside from this he has been actively identified in civic reform movements, and in all denominational work he has won a prominent place. We congratulate the church at Everett, Wn., on his acceptance of their call, and assure them that they have chosen well.

Our Dollar.

The political furnace, which is to test our gold and silver dollar, is growing hotter. Judging from the silver tongues heard on all the streets the white metallists are the only aggressive missionaries in the field. But indications within a few days are not wanting that an educational campaign for the best dollar in the world must begin at once, and the gravity of the problem cannot safely be intrusted to the enthusiasm of the days just before the election. If a gold standard alone makes our dollar the peer of the best in any of the greatest nations of the earth then let those who believe it say so and keep on saying so.

J. A. S.

FROM CANADA.

Congregational Notes.

Two months have gone since the union at Montreal, and already the fruits of that gathering are apparent. The secretary is carrying out his instructions, and is forwarding to the vacant churches names of properly accredited candidates. In this way it is hoped to help in guarding them from unworthy men. The college board has appointed a committee to look for a successor to Principal Barbour, whose resignation takes effect next June. It is probable that the new principal will be found in either England or the United States. The secretary of certain allied labor organizations, which memorialized the recent denominational gatherings, has just made public the fact that the only churches which had the courtesy to take any notice of their address were those of the Congregational Union, and further adds: "They not only acknowledged its receipt, but expressed their sympathy with the objects of the address." Though few in number the Congregational churches of Canada have always stood in the front of the great movements of the day. Among the individual churches the laying of the corner stone of the Southern Church, London, on Aug. 10, by Mayor Spencer of that city, is announced. Mr. Matthew Kelley was ordained at Listowel a few days earlier, while Rev. C. E. Bolton of Kincardine has just been called to Garafraxa and Belwood.

Sunday Street Cars.

The question of Sunday street cars is up again in Toronto. The citizens have twice declared against their running, and now a

third vote is proposed. To secure this a deputation waited on Mayor Fleming a few days ago, and asked that a vote be taken in September or October. A counter deputation followed soon after and urged that if a vote be taken at all it be deferred until January, when the municipal elections will be held. The difference of a few months may seem of little moment, but it is just here that the verdict may turn. In January the attractions of the parks and outside resorts are mostly gone, while at the municipal elections the polls are well guarded against personation and fraud. The former voting may throw some light on the matter of time. In January, 1892, Sunday cars were voted down by 14,287 against 10,351, and in August, 1893, by 14,157 against 13,154. Mayor Fleming favored January, when it is likely the vote will be held. It may be added that the question is one of more than local interest, since decision in the courts has been pending for some time in the case of the Hamilton Street Car Company for violation of the Lord's Day Act.

Temperance Legislation.

The suppression of the liquor traffic in the Dominion is also the subject of general attention. Different reasons may be given for this. At the recent elections some fifty members were returned who are friendly to the cause of prohibition. Added to this is the pledge of Hon. Wilfred Laurier that if called to power a *plebiscite* will be given, and if the people pronounce in favor of a prohibitory measure it will be enacted. At a recent convention in Toronto, under the auspices of the Dominion Alliance, a committee was appointed to wait upon Mr. Laurier and urge an early vote, while arrangements were made for the organization, funds and literature of the campaign. A deputation from the convention also waited on Premier Hardy of Ontario and were assured that his government is a temperance one, and will promote the cause to the full extent of its constitutional power. The friends of prohibition are greatly elated, and believe that the prospects were never so bright for the triumph of their cause.

Canadian Politics.

The composition of Mr. Laurier's cabinet has given general satisfaction, and well it might, since to it have been called the ablest men of the Liberal party, among whom are five former Provincial premiers. The country is now turning its attention to the policy of the new government, and asking what changes will be made. The suspense has been in a measure relieved by the premier in a recent speech at St. John's, Quebec. Careful investigation will at once be made into the needs of manufactories, after which tariff reform will follow. Agriculture is promised help by the reduction of duties on articles purchased, and by an increase on prices of articles for sale through quicker communication with European markets. More friendly reciprocal relationship with the United States, it is thought, can be brought about with a view to the revival of the treaty of 1853-56, when prosperous times prevailed in Canada. Attention will be given to the development of the Northwest, while the vexing Manitoba school question, Mr. Laurier affirms, will be amicably settled within six months. Other ministers have made similar speeches at their nominations for reelection, so that the new government may be expected to carry out the policy enunciated.

The American Elections.

Though occupied with election matters at home the Canadian mind has not been indifferent to the political movements across the line. A great deal of interest centered on the conventions that were held for the selection of presidential candidates. The nomination of Major McKinley at St. Louis was expected, while the result of the Chicago convention was a surprise, inasmuch as the nominee was wholly unknown in Canada. In the earlier stages of the campaign it was the tariff question which was the supreme topic of interest, and it may be stated here that there is little sympathy with Mr. McKinley because of his high protective views. Within the past few weeks attention has been turned to the money question, and many pages of the Dominion press are now devoted to its discussion. If the Canadian mind is opposed to a high protective tariff across the line it more strongly disapproves of the adoption of a silver basis. In money matters there is much in common between the two lands, and as a result of the free silver agitation the Canadian banks are calling in their loans from the United States. The Bank of Toronto alone has within the past month brought over more than a half million of gold coin from the Republic.

British Columbia Gold.

Canada is interested in the gold question in another form at home. In British Columbia the mining fever seems to be at white heat. Rossland is the chief center of operations, and every day almost brings reports of rich gold strikes. The Slocan Star Mine alone promises a dividend of a million dollars within the next twelve months, and is pronounced on good authority to be the richest lead and silver mine on the American continent. As might be expected there has been a great rush for the west, and many have found to their sorrow that "it is not all gold that glitters." Living is expensive, wages are comparatively low, work for many is not obtainable and capital is needed before investments can be made. The gold fields are far from being the poor man's paradise.

J. P. G.

FROM JAPAN.

Tidal Wave.

Poor Japan! She seems to be ever fighting the elements. Earth, air and sea are her greatest foes. As the cable told you weeks ago, this time her enemy was the sea. About 8 P. M. June 15 something happened at the bottom of the ocean along the northeast coast of Japan's main island—whether an earthquake or an explosion the scholars are not agreed. But as the result an immense tidal wave, or rather several in succession, rolled in upon the land, killing 20,000 people, injuring 7,000 more, destroying 9,000 houses, and almost paralyzing the season's fishing along 100 miles of coast line. No such calamity has visited Japan since the great earthquake five years ago, and the loss of life by this one act of the sea is more than three times that caused by the earth's gyration in October, 1891.

Court and people, Japanese and foreigners, missionaries and merchants have vied with each other in furnishing relief funds—something like \$130,000 having been contributed already, aside from grants out of the public coffers.

Mission Meeting.

The missionaries of the American Board

in Japan have again met in annual session. For the sixth time in succession this yearly gathering was held on the grounds of Kobe College. Dr. Gordon of Kyoto presided, giving as the keynote of the occasion Col. 3: 17. Rev. H. Pedley of Niigata gave us a clear-cut message in the annual sermon, Mr. Allechin read a fine and timely paper on Mission Fellowship, Dr. J. H. DeForest enlightened us as to Present Day Theological Tendencies, and all the discussions were strong, serious and unusually helpful. Four of the mission children united with the church, three of them on confession; the C. E. Juniors held a delightful public meeting, Stanley Allechin, aged ten, taking the prize for the best set of answers to seven Biblical questions. All the meetings of the week were of a high spiritual order.

Interest and discussion centered chiefly around two topics. First, our relations to the Doshisha. As *The Congregationalist* readers are aware, the Japanese trustees of this well known Kyoto school recently voted to close relations with the mission and the Board at the end of the present year, though they apparently desired and expected that the missionaries would continue aiding the school as individuals. Since the break must come in December it was felt it would be fairer to the school to have it come at once, so that the trustees could plan intelligently for the new school year. Moreover, the trustees have so persistently disregarded the wishes and convictions of both the foreigners and a large section of the Christian Japanese constituency of the school, especially in the retaining of Professor Ukita as a teacher in the school and promoting him to be dean of the college department, that the missionaries residing in Kyoto were unwilling longer to remain upon the faculty.

After careful and prayerful deliberation the mission voted unanimously to instruct their members in Kyoto to resign at once from all the departments of the university. A carefully prepared letter sent with the resignations has been acknowledged by President Kozaki, in which he stated that the trustees would shortly take action on the matter. As yet no further word of any importance has come, and there are no marked indications of a speedy change for the better.

Furthermore, the mission committee met a strong committee of the alumni and friends of the school who are making a persistent effort to bring about a reconciliation between the Doshisha trustees and the mission. Our committee laid down three propositions as the probable basis on which the Board would consent to co-operate once more with the school of Neesima and his successors.

First, that the Board, through the mission, be officially represented in the management of the school. This is no more than has been granted heretofore and seems a reasonable provision if there is to be genuine co-operation.

Second, that no one be allowed a place on the board of trustees or faculty who is not in general sympathy with the work of the American Board and the Christian foundation of the school.

Third, that the board of trustees (Japanese) be so reorganized as to make it truly national. One criticism for years has been that too large a proportion of the managers of the school came from one section of the country and represented one set of ideas.

What the outcome will be it were idle to prophesy, but that eventually the right will

prevail no one doubts. That a very large and influential body of Japanese friends of the school is thoroughly opposed to its present management is an open secret. Deep as is our love for the school and willing as we are to go to great lengths in the interest of liberty and progress, we missionaries felt to a man that in justice to our own consciences, to the cause of Christian missions in Japan, and to the American founders and friends of this historic institution, the time had come for a dignified but emphatic protest against the undue and divisive influence of two or three men who are almost monomaniacs in their antagonism of evangelical Christians and foreign missionary movements.

Those, and they are thousands, who love the Doshisha and revere the memory of its great and good founder may well pray earnestly that the leading of the "unseen hand" may be increasingly recognized at Kyoto, and this school, so honored in the past, rise into a newer, diviner life out of the present grave of doubt and dissension.

The second live question before us was the one of an increase of our working force. Twenty-two adult members of our mission returned to America last year, and several of these will not be seen again in Japan. Only three of our number came back to us across the Pacific during the same period. Our present force, forty six on the field and twenty two at home, is the lowest figure we have touched for ten years. At this rate of progress backward it is easy to foretell the end, and it is not surprising that the expression decadent mission was often used. Dr. Davis and Mr. Bartlett headed a strong move for large reinforcements, but the final decision was a unanimous vote in favor of urging all now absent on furlough to return as soon as health allowed, and a vote, thirty to five, asking for two new families and four single ladies to fill some of the vacancies caused by recent resignations. This means that the mission protests against dying at so rapid a rate as during the past three years, but is not yet prepared to plead for any real increase of its living force.

Worthy of Mention.

An editorial committee of the mission, headed by Dr. Greene of Tokyo, has begun to issue a Japanese monthly entitled *The Fukuin Soshi* (evangelical magazine). It devotes itself largely to translations of the best newspaper and magazine literature of the Christian world and will fill a long-felt want. Lafcadio Hearn, whose Japanese name is Y. Iwazumi, and who is a writer of charming essays on Japanese life and character, always writing from the standpoint of ardent admiration of things Oriental, has been appointed professor of English literature in the Imperial University. Did he have sweetness and light enough to cease sneering at foreign missions, and true liberality sufficient to be just, not to say loyal, to the Christian religion, he might accomplish an immense work for his day and generation. He idealizes the Orient, which is excellent, but fails to realize the deeper, spiritual truth and life of the Occident. Competent critics affirm that the novelist of the day in Japan is a lady, Miss I. Higuchi. Not much above twenty, she is showing herself a gifted writer, especially of short stories, portraying the vices and miseries of society. Who says Japan is not abreast of the times?

Okayama, July 17.

J. H. P.

The Veiling of the Soul.*

By Ian Maclaren.

In one of his Twice Told Tales Hawthorne describes how a much loved Puritan minister conceived the weird idea of concealing his face with a veil, and how his people were affected with a sense of painful mystery as he went in and out among them with covered countenance till the end of his days. His betrothed forsook him; the bride trembled before him at her marriage; children fled from him on the road; people whispered as he passed. One realizes in an instant, as he reconstructs the scene, how much of the confidence and joy of life depend on our beholding one another, literally, with open face. Imagine the change and horror if one morning each man's face were covered with black and impenetrable to his neighbor. Laughter would cease on earth; who then would have the heart for mirth under this cloud? None would be able to comfort his neighbor, for none could estimate his brother's sorrow. Speech would languish, for it would have no visible response. Love itself would die when every emotion was masked. The very power of association and the instinct of trust would be destroyed when every man had withdrawn into darkness. Were there no revelation of the face, then there would be neither faith nor fellowship possible on earth.

It is allowable to give the image a more spiritual direction and a more searching meaning. St. Paul in his great chapter on Charity imagines that the covering is really upon the soul, and he is much affected by the fact that we see nothing, neither truth nor people, clearly. We see not "face to face," but rather as those studying one another "through a glass darkly." We do not understand our neighbor, we speculate about him. He is to us an unknown quantity, and we deal with him as a chemist with a new material. There are about him certain properties—evidence he has flung out, as it were, for our guidance—his looks, his speech, his actions, his habits. These we collect and analyze; we form a list of components; we strike a balance; we conclude he is this or that. Very likely we assign him a label, and speak as if he were classified. Yet we are aware of our ignorance and helplessness; we are bitterly conscious that the very essence of the man has escaped and defied all our tests. Sometimes we remark of some one, "He is difficult to know"; perhaps it were nearer the truth to say that it is impossible to know any one.

Consider, for instance, how seldom six sensible and charitable people will agree as to the character of some mutual friend, so many considering that his strong point is sweet temper, while the others insist that it is self-restraint. Consider, also, what a power of surprise lies in even shallow natures, so that one whom we thought the weakest develops an immovable obstinacy, and one whom we considered unfeeling shows himself capable of immense unselfishness. What unexpected loyalties or treacheries; what deeds of heroism or meanness; what intellectual achievements or imbecilities emerge in lives we prided ourselves on having surveyed and sounded. Times there were when we seem to have

mapped out every inch in a friend's life; times there are when it seems as if we had only sailed along the coast. We may ascend some open river for a distance, but the heart of this continent remains a mystery. Is it not the case that a man and a woman may live together in the sacred intimacy of wedlock, sharing, as it appears and as they imagine, every feeling, hope, belief, and yet discover with a shock of disappointment that each is completely fenced round and secluded from the other?

This veil is not to be thought of as an expedient of the individual to preserve his privacy, for he cannot remove it any more than his neighbor. For one thing it is physical, and must last while we are in this present environment. If the body be an instrument of revelation so that by our eyes and mouth and hands we declare ourselves, it is also a thick cloak of concealment, so that only as one pierces through the flesh can he reach the soul. No doubt the countenance, as the years pass, is dominated by the soul and grows into its likeness, so that the saint looks out on us through a clear window and the evil-liver has his character written on his face. One, however, knows how often in the beginning the shape of the body is a contradiction of the soul; for nothing is more common than a perfect face giving a deceptive certificate to hollowness and insincerity, or homely features discrediting honesty and affection. We are indeed so sensible of this anomaly that our minds are almost inclined to accept it as an axiom that where nature has given the form of Apollo it is safe to expect folly, but where she has condescended to the face of Socrates there one may be certain of wisdom.

And this veil is also another patent proof that the mercy of God is over all his works, for surely we ought to be thankful that in this present life our souls are screened from public view. As nature conducts her initial processes in secret—and it were cruel to lay them bare—so does the divine Spirit pursue his work upon the soul in darkness. If it were permitted to any human hand to expose a soul, then none in this life could stand the trial. What motives of self interest, movements of unholy passion, base feelings of envy, hot fits of anger disturb and defile the soul even of a saint. It is indeed through this very discipline of temptation and ceaseless conflict with evil that the soul is purified and strengthened and comes at last to perfection. While we are still struggling through our purgatorio no prying eye can criticize or condemn; in the paradise the veil can be safely dropped from God's finished work.

If this veiling of the soul be inevitable in the present dispensation, it has serious dangers which we must remember and conquer. Every one of us is liable to be misunderstood and to suffer injustice. If we could explain ourselves and let everything be known, then they had not called us ungenerous, or proud, or bigoted, or heretical, or something else that may not be worse than what we are, but happens not to be true of us. It is quite fair we should be condemned for our faults; it is not fair we should be condemned for our no faults, and yet for the most part any protest is useless. Many a private person in a household, many a la-

borer in the public service, many a teacher in the church, has been misconstrued and misjudged all his days without relief. Do not complain overmuch. When one remembers how hard it is to understand himself, and how often he has erred both in self-depreciation and self-approval, it is not wonderful that one should be misunderstood by other people. The situation is not without its consolations—through all his life, from Nazareth to Calvary, Jesus was never once understood.

Perhaps it were better for most of us to complain less of being misunderstood and to take more care that we do not misunderstand. It ought to give us pause at a time to remember that each one has a stock of cut-and-dry judgments on his neighbors, and that the chances are that most of them are quite erroneous. What our neighbor really is we may never know, but we may be pretty certain that he is not what we have imagined, and that many things we have thought of him are quite beside the mark. What he does we have seen, but we have no idea what may have been his thoughts and intentions. The mere surface of his character may be exposed, but of the complexity within we have not the faintest idea. People crammed with self-consciousness and self-conceit are often praised as humble, while shy and reserved people are judged to be proud. Some whose whole life is one subtle, studied selfishness get the name of self sacrifice, and other silent, heroic souls are condemned for want of humanity.

Perhaps the saddest calamity of our veiled state is the misunderstanding that sometimes arises between people who are of the same family or are close friends. It is not easily removed or explained; it may rather deepen than lessen with the years; it may last for life. Nothing surely can be a sorer cross than the alienation of one whom we love, whom we trust, whom once we made our confidant. Whether the outside world appreciate one is of secondary importance; it takes the heart out of one to be daily misread by his own. How one longs for the shining of the sun and the dispersion of the cloud! That day may never come this side the grave; in such an event let it be our consolation that those who have been estranged shall at last know even as they are known. Like ships that start on the great voyage together, and lose sight of one another in the fog, what can friends do but feel their way with caution and patience, lest there be collision and disaster, till at the final sunrise they cast anchor side by side in the fair haven of peace, and see one another "face to face."

East London has been suffering in the summer heat from a short supply of water. The London supply is in the hands of private companies and the unusual drought has curtailed the amount at the disposal of the East London Company so that its customers, who are, it must be remembered, the people of the poorest quarter of the city, complain that it only runs for two hours a day and is nearly undrinkable at that. Wherever the line of state socialism is drawn, the water supply of a great city ought never to be under control of a private monopoly.

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Charity Chance.*

A SERIAL STORY BY WALTER RAYMOND.

SUMMARY OF THE PREVIOUS FIVE CHAPTERS.—The scene of this story is Somerset, in the west of England. Miss Graham, a maiden lady of means and a cripple, has adopted Charity Chance, who calls her aunt. Miss Graham's nephew, Graham Poltimore, the son of her dead sister, seeks the hand of Charity Chance in marriage and is accepted, though the girl has some misgivings in relation to the depth of her affection for him. Miss Graham is delighted to have her heart's desire thus gratified, and Charity, who cherishes her fondly, finds a satisfaction in having acceded to her patron's wishes for her. Miss Graham visits her brother-in-law, Mr. Poltimore-Briggs, the sole surviving trustee of her property, to inform him that she has but a brief time to live and to arrange to settle some money upon Charity, but he advises postponement, and the interview is interrupted, to his evident relief.



VI. ALFRED PRENTICE. POET? Alfred Prentice? Yes, there sometimes appeared verses in the magazines signed with that name. Charity had seen, but scarcely read

them, or if so they left no deep impression on her mind. But the mere thought of a poet made her heart quicken with interest and enthusiasm. In her restless impatience with Babbelmouth and its trivialities, one thing she looked for more than all—intercourse with people whose minds were lifted above littlenesses upon great ideas. No poet had ever been known in Babbelmouth, except the little shoemaker on the quay, who recommended inelegant boots in limping verse, and drove a thriving trade in consequence.

Attracted by the sound of voices, she went quickly down a long passage to a door at the back of the house. It opened into a paved court at the foot of a terrace, beyond which a large walled garden ran up the hillside.

Here in the cool several people were seated. Theodosia Mortimer, with her mother and some of her sisters, Mrs. Poltimore-Briggs and Graham. They had gathered in a semi-circle around a stranger, who leaned back in his chair smoking a cigarette. Upon the ground close to his hand, which hung over the arm of the chair, lay a small red volume he had just put down.

As she came into the doorway Charity was greeted with a chorus of mingled welcome and regret.

"We are ready and waiting for you, Charity," said Mrs. Mortimer, with her never-ceasing smile.

"O, Charity! What a pity you were not here before. You have lost the most delightful treat," piped Mrs. Poltimore-Briggs. "Mr. Prentice has been good enough to read us one of his most beautiful poems."

"And you so fond of poetry, too," chimed in Theodosia.

The poet languidly rose from his seat and stood in an attitude combining ease with angularity. Less than the middle height, and very slight, beside Graham Poltimore he looked quite small. His hair, of which there was a great deal, was black as jet; his shaven face thin and pale and his eyes large and bright. He wore a soft hat, a velvet jacket and a lace cravat.

At the first glance there came to Charity a strange feeling of mistrust—an intuition of something new and not yet understood, which brought the color to her cheek, and caused her to abruptly turn away. "How

happy she looks, now she is engaged!" thought Theodosia Mortimer. "What luck the girl has had."

In the movement and flutter of excitement, for a moment the poet seemed likely to be overlooked.

"Present me, Poltimore."

The voice was deep and rich and almost tragic.

"I beg your pardon, old man. Mr. Alfred Prentice—Miss Chance."

Graham was in the best of spirits. With youth, expectations and the superabundant health which runs to irresponsibility, how could he be otherwise? "Come, let us go on at once," he shouted, in his light-hearted way.

As they walked down to the quay he looked gladly down at the girl he loved and at last had won, and burst out in rapid eulogy of his new-found friend.

"You will like Prentice, Charity," he cried, with enthusiasm. "He is not exactly a Hercules, but he's a very good fellow—and clever, very clever indeed. Just the sort of literary chap you will like to talk to. I fell across him this morning sitting upon the wall at the end of the jetty. I asked him what he was doing. He said he was busy. Incubating a poem, I told him. We were at school together, but he is older than I. O! he's a very good chap. He did my verses and Greek play for years. That's why he made such a reputation so young in life. He got the learning meant for me, in addition to his own. Those verses he read just now really belonged to me. He did them vicariously, you know."

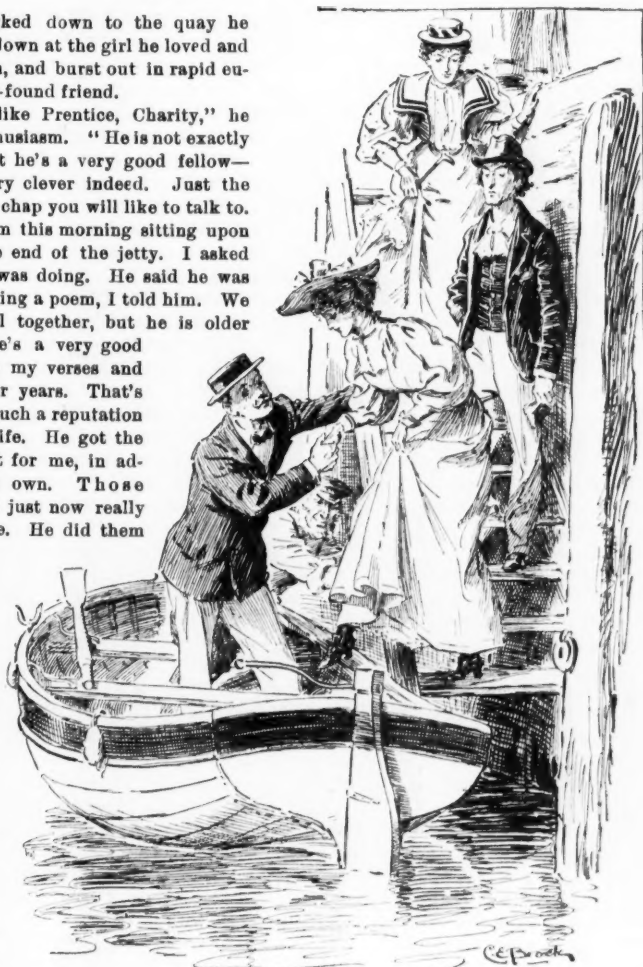
Then he laughed in his light-hearted way. Now that she had promised to marry him, he had not a care in the world.

With quickened curiosity the girl glanced again at the stranger. He was striding along by the side of Theodosia, apparently rapt in thought. But then, as Charity asked herself, how could a man of genius talk to Theodosia? Inadvertently, no doubt, he had brought away the little red volume and carried it, a finger between the leaves. Would it surprise him, she wondered, when he found this out? And would he read again? She hoped that he would read again.

"He seems so self-conscious," she said, almost to herself.

"Don't be prejudiced against him, there's a dear," whispered Graham, in her ear, for they were now upon the steps in the quay side. It was easy to him to like people, and Charity was always so critical. "There is generally something odd about these poets. But they can't help it, you know. Prentice is a man of deep feeling—of really fine feeling. I want you to like him. I have asked him to stay with us. Let me help you. Step upon the seat."

A boat was already waiting for them. A flash of oars upon the silent harbor. Then the rattle of a block as the foresail was run



"LET ME HELP YOU. STEP UPON THE SEAT."

up, and the Halcyon filled her white wings and stood up the channel, close under the cliffs.

The wind was scarcely enough to make the ship heel, although at first she moved through the water briskly enough. The girl leaned back in her chair and looked up into the clear summer sky.

Graham was lying on the deck beside her.

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The others, with the humorous consideration due to lovers newly betrothed, had left them to themselves, but for a long while they did not talk.

From a sharp rock, jutting out of the water, a seagull rose and slowly wheeled over the passing cutter. How beautiful it was. She could see each feather, as it hung for a moment just above the mast. Everything was sweet and calm, and lulled her soul into contentment. For the first time since her engagement she fully acquiesced in her own happiness. For Aunt Helen was so happy. Graham was so happy. And yes, she was happy, too.

He raised his finger and slowly followed the bird as it circled overhead, as if he had been pointing at it with a gun.

"I should hate you if you could kill it!" she cried, suddenly raising her head to look at him. "Could you kill it?"

"Not on those terms," he laughed.

The gull uttered its shrill note, dropped astern and settled again upon the rock. But all her restlessness had returned. There was never an escape from her own sensibility when a sight, a sound, or even the cadence of a word could awaken all the vague longings of her heart.

"They build upon the ledges of the cliff, and jackdaws in the crevices, too. I used to creep along at low tide and pick up the young birds. They get tired and drop when they first begin to fly. Once I stayed too long. You see the slope where it is not quite so steep? I had to climb up there. Half-way up I got stuck. But there was no going back. I had to go on, and I did."

The girl glanced at the dizzy height with its meager foothold, and shuddered. For a moment she was silent; then she spoke with animation: "You had to go on, and you did. That expresses it exactly, Graham. If you had to go on you would."

"What a moralist you are, Charity," he told her, with half-amused indolence. "From reading so much poetry with Aunt Helen you expect every man to be a hero."

Her eyes sparkled and the color rose upon her cheek. "I could worship a man who did something!" she cried.

"What?"

"No matter what."

Startled at the feeling into which she had been betrayed, and for a moment disconcerted, she again leaned back and looked up at the cliffs. The tide was running faster now and made a gurgling sound against the cutter's side. Above it they could hear the distant voice of Mrs. Mortimer, in earnest discussion with Mrs. Poltimore-Briggs: "Yes, of the palest pricot, cut very full indeed, and interlined, of course, with crin"—

"Listen to the words of wisdom, Charity," he whispered, with his imperturbable good humor.

"O, I hate it!" and she clenched her hands and quivered with nervous excitement. "Always the same—the same—the same. Except when they talk of each other, and that's worse. One would suppose there was nothing to think about, and nothing to feel. And it is all so weak and insipid. It isn't living. There is no interest in it. It is like sailing when there is no wind. That always makes me long for a storm. I've been watching the rocks now, and we haven't gone five yards in five minutes. I wish it would blow a hurricane—and carry us over to Wales—so that we had to beat back in the dead of night—in the teeth of a

driving rain—with all of them as wet as drowned rats, and afraid, too. That would be sailing."

"You would be just as wet as the rest."

"I shouldn't care. I can picture it. Hailstones have beaten down Mrs. Mortimer's back hair. She cannot turn her face to the gale, and one long, tapering lock clings round her neck like damp seaweed. The unsuspected frame is revealed to the eyes of man. And her artificial set shakes and chatters until the front teeth fall out. Then I hold on tight and am glad in my heart."

Their eyes met and they burst out laughing. Whatever its intensity her ill humor was short-lived and died in whimsicality. But it left her glowing with animation, and to Graham she had never looked more beautiful.

"What an emotional girl you are, Charity!"

"O! I don't know what I am," she said, quickly. "Aunt Helen would never tell me. When she took me I became hers, she said. Do you know, Graham?"

"No," he hesitated.

"But do you know?" she insisted, with increasing eagerness.

He paused. "Truly, I do not know, Charity," he told her.

"Sometimes I believe that I am a different animal to the rest of them, and that they resent it, too. That's common in the animal kingdom, you know. O, you haven't the least idea what you have undertaken to marry, Graham."

"We have known each other long enough."

"You don't know me a bit," she cried, with decision. "They all come and congratulate me now, of course—even Theodosia. But I know what they say to each other. They surmise what Aunt Helen has to leave you, and what you'll get from your father, and then they say, 'Charity Chance has done well for herself.' They hate me for that. I don't care, only it is all so mean; and it's not true. I could love you ten times as much if all of a sudden you hadn't a penny, and we had to begin in a house the size of a hutch—and struggle on—and fight it all out—and watch it all grow up. That would be living!"

With growing enthusiasm her voice had risen, and she stopped as if fearing to be overheard. But Mrs. Mortimer had been to a flower show the day before and her store of interesting information was inexhaustible.

"A blouse of a medium shade of green, accordion-kilted chiffon, with sleeves of cream and pink *chiné* silk, green satin ribbon at the waist, carried three parts of the way up the figure"—

Then the boom came home and this excellent woman ducked her head.

"You ought to go and talk to them!" urged Charity. "There is Mr. Prentice receiving none of the attention he deserves and longs for."

"He's all right," replied Graham, with a glance at the empty sail. "Besides, there's plenty of time. The wind has dropped and we sha'n't get home for hours unless it freshens. I'll break it to them and come back."

The wind did not freshen. The sun sank behind a sea as smooth as glass, and the gray night crept along the cliffs and wrapt the rocks in gloom. The Halcyon drifted slowly homewards on the tide. The girl stood with her hand upon the stay and watched the stars peer clearer and clearer

through the darkening sky. It was all so unspeakably beautiful and deep with mystery that she could scarcely keep from tears. The women were cackling about being so late, but she did not hear them. Graham had spoken more than once, but she did not reply.

"We shall have to tow her in," he said. "I'll get in the boat and take an oar."

The boat was brought alongside. He stepped into her and Charity was left alone. To the creaking of the oars against the rowlocks they slowly glided into the harbor mouth.

It was quite late. The lights of Babblemouth were mostly in the upper windows, and long reflections fell in shimmering lines across the black water below the quay. Charity sighed. The gloom of the harbor was so much sadder than the pale starlight of the open sea.

"Every candle there is the beacon of a tragedy."

She started. Unobserved, Alfred Prentice had stepped upon the deck, and was standing where Graham had just now stood.

"You quite frightened me," she gasped.

"I did not know any one was near. But surely that is not so. It would be terrible to think that people are not happy."

"Only the unimportant is happy."

Certainly no gaiety detracted from the importance of Mr. Alfred Prentice. He was oracular out of the profoundest depths of sad experience.

The words made a deep impression upon the girl's mind; but before she could firmly grasp them to reply, the moment had come to go ashore. Upon the quay the party quickly dispersed. It was too late to loiter and Graham walked home with her at once. But along the road she was silent. "Only the unimportant is happy." The phrase haunted her. Yet she could not get hold of it. It was shadowy and illusive—this ghost of a great truth. "Only the unimportant is happy." Of course! people who were satisfied with trivialities could get them—they were common as blackberries in all conscience. But "only the unimportant"—that was so sad.

A touch of sadness could always fire this girl's sympathy, which, once aglow, must needs shine on the nearest object.

"I have been quite horrid to you tonight, Graham. I know I have," she confessed, as they stepped under the porch.

Then she put her hands upon his shoulders and raised her face to his.

"Not at all, Charity. You have been delightful, as you always are," he cried, in rapture.

It was the first time she had kissed him of her own free will.

(To be continued.)

Li Hung Chang's visit in England has produced some amusing incidents and stories. He is said to have been very much taken with the English ladies, one of whom he allowed to paint his portrait, but asked them some embarrassing questions, demanding to know their age, and if they were married and, if not, why not. "He could not understand old maids," says a correspondent, which perhaps is not surprising. A laughable picture is that of his condoling with the colonial secretary, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who habitually wears a single eyeglass, upon his loss of an eye. He is also said to have asked him if he had a surplus and what he did with it. Perhaps when he reaches New York we can get him to cross-examine Boss Platt or Boss Croker.

Pilgrimage Letters. X.

The Magnificent Celebration at Norwich. Farewell to Old England.

Rich as our experiences had been heretofore, the transcendent privilege of the trip was still awaiting us at Norwich, for here was focused in a single day several of those distinctive features which had characterized the preceding weeks. The greeting from our Nonconformist brethren, full of inspiration and touching our hearts with memories of the heroism of the past and the spiritual sympathies of the present, together with all that is impressive in the architecture and pageantry of the Established Church, its clergy acting as our hosts at a grand social function, and a delightful garden party conspired to make this occasion typical of the English pilgrimage. The ancient cathedral was celebrating its 800th anniversary, and a more imposing ceremony probably none of our party will ever see again. We were overwhelmed to find that some of the choicest seats in the building, in the organ gallery and in the choir, had been reserved for us. We supposed that our good friend Dr. G. S. Barrett, who was indefatigable in his kind services, both before and during our stay, had secured for us this exceptional privilege, but he assured us that Dean Lefroy himself had extended the courtesy. This is the more remarkable when it is remembered that we as Nonconformists represented a faith which, to a certain extent, repudiates the forms venerated by the Church of England. We had scarcely taken our seats when from the far distance came the sound of male voices, accompanied by trumpet and cornet, singing the triumphant hymn:

Lift the strain of high thanksgiving!
Tread with songs the hallowed way!
Praise our fathers' God for mercies
New to us their sons today;
Here they built for him a dwelling,
Served him here in ages past,
Fixed in it their sure possession,
Holy ground, while time shall last.

This was a token that the procession had started from the cloisters, and as the stately body moved with slow and measured steps down the nave the congregation caught up the strain and the magnificent volume of praise did not cease till the last ecclesiastic, His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of all Ireland, who preached the sermon, was seated within the altar rails. A more dignified and impressive scene can hardly be imagined. First came the civic functionaries led by the Norwich Corporation in their splendid regalia, and preceded by an official bearing the mace, glittering with beautiful rock crystals, a gift from Queen Elizabeth. Next came other mayors in the diocese in official robes and chains, members of Parliament and of the grand lodge of masons, barristers in powdered wigs, officers of the Princess Royal's Dragoon Guards and, most imposing of all, the clergy and cathedral body, wearing cassock, surplice, stole, hood of their degree and college cap. The choir boys were

in blue and white; the doctors of divinity were easily distinguished by their scarlet gowns and the bishops by their immense lawn sleeves.

Last of all came the Lord Bishop of Norwich, before whom was borne his silver crosier, escorting the Archbishop of Armagh, the entire procession numbering nearly 400. A deeply interesting thanksgiving service followed, in which it was noticeable that a prayer for the President



REV. G. S. BARRETT, D. D.

of the United States was included in the general collect, then a sermon showing how cathedrals may truly minister to one's spiritual life, and at its close a marvelous rendering of Stainer's sevenfold Amen by the choir. As the waves of almost divine harmony swept over the bowed heads of the great congregation new depths of reverence were opened in our hearts and to worship before the Almighty seemed the very transport of human joy. During the recessional hymn the same body of ecclesiastics and

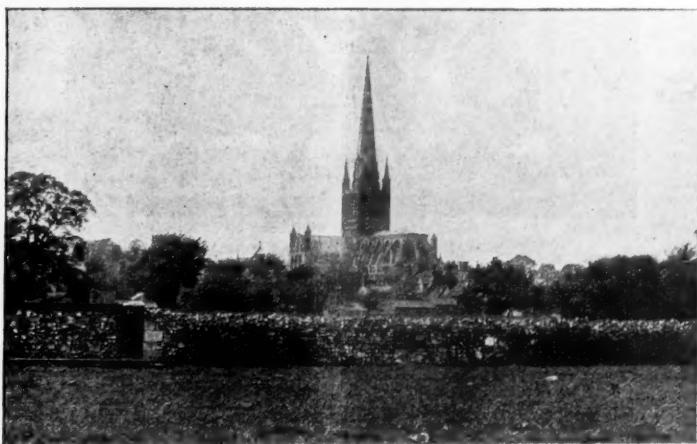
nored our presence in the city without the least discourtesy, shows the catholic spirit of the man. Nor was our invitation an afterthought, for among the toasts on the daintily printed menu cards was one to "Our Kinsmen Beyond the Sea." This was proposed by the guest of honor, the Archbishop of Armagh, Dr. Alexander, whose wife wrote

There is a green hill far away,

and other beautiful hymns, and Dr. Dunning responded in a manner that made us nowise ashamed of our leader. His Grace said he believed that the American visitors would carry back with them a message of honest, downright love from one people to another, so as to make the notion of a war between England and America utterly inconceivable. The sentiment evoked enthusiastic applause, nor was it the only expression of a similar kind during the feast. The Bishop of Norwich, speaking of the passion for freedom which had brought forth such glorious fruit in England, making it the happiest and freest country in the world, added, "Of course, I include our Anglo-Saxon kinsmen across the Atlantic." Canon Jessopp, too, eminent as an antiquarian, who has written some fascinating stories of old abbeys and friars and is an authority on folklore, paid a fervent tribute to the founders of America, characterizing the Pilgrims as "apostles of freedom—men before their age." What a reversal of opinion since the day when some of them were "clapt up in prison and others had their houses beset and watched night and day" because they taught "strange and dangerous doctrine!"

Careless seems the great Avenger . . .
but behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch
above his own.

The afternoon began to wane when we realized that we must surrender these social delights for a scene quite different in character out most elegant in all its appointments. Mr. J. J. Colman, the millionaire manufacturer, and the Misses Colman, had arranged for a garden party in our honor to which about five hundred guests were invited. After a cordial reception by our host and his charming daughters we strolled about the gardens, which cover over a dozen acres and occupy the site of an old Benedictine priory.



NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

other dignitaries slowly marched out of the cathedral, and the return, from our advantageous point of view, gave a fine opportunity to study their faces.

About a hundred of the more eminent guests, including nine bishops and many of the nobility, had been invited by Dean Lefroy to luncheon in a spacious marquee on the deanery grounds, and to this number he added the entire American party. This distinguishing act of hospitality, on an occasion when he might have ig-

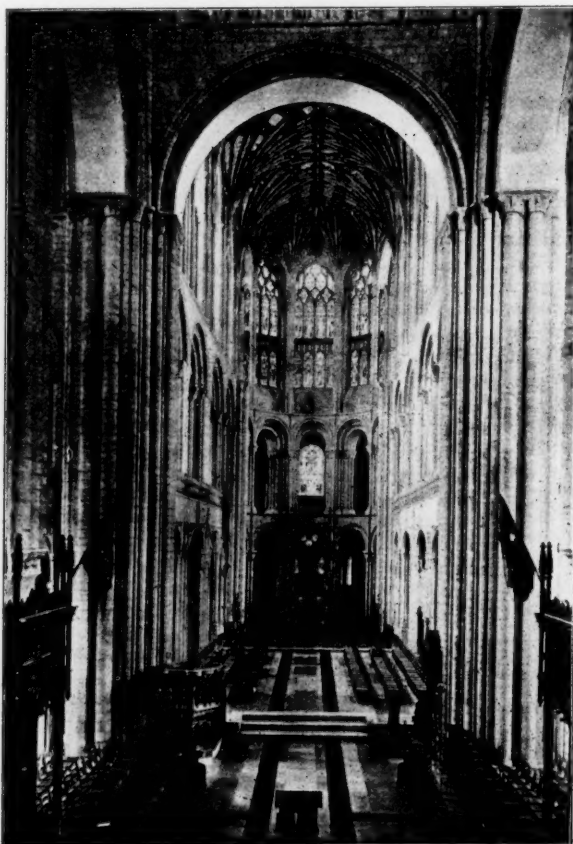
ored. Parts of the original edifice are still preserved and have been transformed into a unique sort of lodge, full of art treasures and objects of historic interest. The fireplace in the library bears the escutcheon of Isabel Wygan, who was prioress in 1514. A few years ago the shaft of a Norman column was accidentally discovered in the gardens and now, by the help of an expert antiquarian, the outline of the whole group of early buildings, including the church, is plainly defined. Greenhouses filled with

rare exotics, a wealth of native flowers, shady groves, winding avenues of noble trees and velvety lawns lured us to prolong our rambles over this beautiful estate, which stands on a high commanding a superb view of the surrounding country. An abundance of choicest fruits from the adjoining hothouses and cream from what is said to be the finest dairy farm in England were among the delicacies served from three large tents for our physical refreshment. Music was furnished by the band belonging to the Carrow Works, as the vast manufactories close by are called. From 1,200 to 2,000 persons are employed in them and the following day, when some of our party made a tour of the mammoth establishment with Mr. Colman, they were impressed by the cordial relations which evidently exist between this Christian employer and his employés. Schools and a hospital for their use are external signs of his devotion to their welfare and Dr. Barrett's church, where he worships, is another object of his generous beneficence.

Full as the day had been, it detracted nothing from our keen appreciation of the evening reception in the Old Meeting House, given by our own brethren in the faith, the mayor himself presiding. The plainness of both edifice and assembly offered a sharp contrast to the splendid spectacle in the cathedral a few hours before, and thereby accentuated to our thought the cost of our religious liberty. Here was a city in which the first Congregational church was founded by Robert Browne in 1580; here John Robinson spent the first years of his public ministry, and four of the early pastors of this very church suffered bitter persecution, having been ejected from the Establishment by the famous Act of Uniformity. These and other thrilling facts were eloquently presented by Rev. J. Lewis, the present pastor, in his address of welcome, which was beautifully engrossed on vellum. Several speeches, from both Englishmen and Americans, followed, and we heartily indorsed the words of Dr. Barrett when he said: "This little Pilgrim band will leave England with full hearts and tender memories. They will never forget the kindness and welcome extended to them on all hands, they will never forget English hearts and English homes." The next morning both he and the mayor devoted themselves to showing us points of interest about the city. We were glad to enter Dr. Barrett's own church, with its spacious Sunday school rooms, accommodating nearly a thousand pupils, and to examine at the Guildhall the rare old silver pieces used at the corporation banquets. There were massive tankards and sauce boats, salt cellars and loving cups of quaintest designs, a rose water bowl of delicate *répoussé* gold, all historically interesting as well as intrinsically beautiful.

The Elizabethan mace already mentioned, and used only on state occasions, and the mayor's rich regalia were also seen.

Another element of pleasure during our stay in Norwich was to be entertained at the Maid's Head Hotel, which had an existence twenty years before the discovery of America by Columbus. While modern conveniences have been added, enough of antiquity remains in the shape of latticed windows, wide fireplaces and old carved furniture to fascinate the visitor for hours together. The writer was fortunate in being assigned to the identical apartment occupied by Elizabeth during her visit in 1578, and one could almost believe that the old-fashioned canopied bed and the queer little ewer and pitcher were a part of the furnishings then. In the assembly room, where



INTERIOR NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

famous men in wigs and ruffles and noted beauties in wondrous headdresses and costumes once made a brilliant show beneath the blaze of wax candles, the diminutive gallery for the fiddlers is still preserved.

Something of the sadness—though for a far different reason—which filled the hearts of the early Pilgrims as they bade farewell to old England gave a tinge of melancholy to our departure that afternoon. The land that Shakespeare calls "this precious stone set in the silver sea" is endeared to us by a thousand new ties,

For there runs
The same blood in our veins as in your sons;
The same deep-seated love of liberty
Beats in our hearts. We speak the same good
tongue.
Familiar with all songs your bards have sung.
And sweeter and stronger than all other
links in this chain of international fellow-
ship is our common love and service for the
same divine Master.

F. J. D.

LI HUNG CHANG.

BY R. VAN BERGEN.

As this paper goes to press one of the most remarkable men of our times is approaching our shores, and before long the real ruler of autocratic China will make the acquaintance of the grand republic of the West. What impression will this statesman carry away with him to his home in the far Orient? May we hope that, seeing the evidences of our civilization, he will be induced to alter or moderate the views he holds about his country and people? Portentous questions these where the interest of 400,000,000 of our fellow-beings are involved.

Li was born in 1825 in Anhui, in the central province of Hunan. His being able to graduate as *Siutsai*, or B. A., in 1847 proves that his family must have been influential. His ancestors probably were of the mandarin class, for it was soon after graduating that he was first brought into contact with those of our race in the capacity of financial commissioner at Soochow. He proved his ability and personal courage during the Taiping rebellion, when he took an active part in restoring order. In 1853 he was the principal leader of the government against the Wangs in the valley of the Yang-tse. This led to his promotion, in 1859, to the governorship of Fuh Kien, and again in 1862 when he became *Fu tai*, or governor of the rich province of Kiang su.

It was at this time that Li was instrumental in securing the services of Capt. Charles Gordon, R. E., against the rebels, and a friendship began which lasted to the death of Chinese Gordon in Khartoum. There was, however, a serious interruption when Li, in violation of the promise made by Gordon, caused the leaders of the Taipings to be put to death. Li Hung Chang could not understand this keeping faith with an enemy, and considered it a

mere Don Quixotism. But as Gordon had a sincere respect for Li as a statesman the chasm was bridged over, and the former pleasant relation was resumed. In 1867 Li, then viceroy of Hu-Kwang, was again in the field, this time against the Shan-tung rebels. His success led to his appointment of viceroy of the province of Chihli (of which Peking, the capital, is a part) and he removed in 1870 to Tientsin, where he has since resided.

Prince Kung, one of the ablest men of the empire, together with the late Empress Dowager, whose influence cannot be overestimated, have been Li Hung Chang's steadfast friends. As Senior Grand Secretary of State, the direction of foreign affairs has been almost entirely in Li's hands, although the jealousy of his rivals at court has handicapped him in influencing home affairs. To this must be ascribed the disas-

trous and humiliating ending of all the international negotiations in which Li has been an actor. In 1878 China was compelled to submit to the annexation of the Loo Choo Islands by Japan. In 1885 she lost considerable territory in the south of the empire by the Li-Fournier Convention. Again she has been repeatedly compelled to pay heavy indemnities for murder and destruction of missionary property. Only a little over a year ago Li was obliged to leave his beloved country to sue for peace from the despised Japanese, and, while he escaped death by the assassin's bullet, he was forced to deliver beautiful Formosa into the hands of the hated Japanese.

To the outsider, then, it looks as if Li's career as a statesman has been a series of blunders or failures, or at least as scarcely compatible with the reputation he enjoys. But it must be remembered that Li Hung Chang, although essentially a Chinaman by birth, education and sentiment, has saved his country from far greater disasters threatened by the insolence and ignorance of his colleagues in the government. Every Chinese mandarin, without exception, is conservative and opposed not only to foreigners but to any foreign innovation of whatever sort it may be. Poorly paid officially, the very existence of the magistrates of every rank is threatened by progress, and any proclivity toward that direction raises a storm of indignation and the cry of treason.

It is, then, very much in Li Hung Chang's favor, and proves the vast influence he possesses in his own immediate territory, that he was able to build and equip the railroad from Tientsin to the Taku Forts (at the mouth of the Peiho River), and to continue that line for a distance of sixty-seven miles to the rich Tungshan and Kaiping coal fields, which he owns. Chang Chih Tung, Li's great rival in influence and wealth, a man who hates foreigners with all the bigotry of which a Chinaman is capable, was sent to Nanking as viceroy of the two kiangs, and is now engaged in building the railroad from his provincial capital to the Imperial City. The rivalry and jealousy existing between these two statesmen has caused the violent death of more than one poor missionary who devoted his life to the lifting up of China's enslaved millions, for Chang Chih Tung would gladly embroil the grand secretary with foreign Powers, that he might discredit him with the imperial court at home.

Remembering Li Hung Chang's education and the tendencies engendered by it, he must indeed be classed as the foremost Chinaman and a statesman of no mean power. Laboring under the disadvantages of the semi-religious sentiment known as ancestral worship, Li has shown remarkable liberality. That he is patriotic and has laid ambition aside has been repeatedly shown by his refusal of offers from foreign Powers to place him on the throne of the Manchu. In how far his present experience will influence China's awakening to the march of progress will depend upon his vigor when reaching home. If his health allows, he will impress upon his imperial master a sense of the wealth and power of foreign nations and obtain the Dragon Seal upon edicts guaranteeing life and immunity to the foreign residents of the Middle Kingdom.

That Li Hung Chang's principal object in undertaking this journey in his old age was to provide for alliances in case further at-

tacks upon China's integrity are made may be taken for granted, and it is not improbable that he has taken measures to frustrate Japan's hopes for future aggrandizement. At the same time Li will have observed and examined closely into whatever came within his sphere of contact, and will understand and appreciate occidental progress as compared with Chinese conservatism. He knows that reforms must be made to prevent China's dismemberment. Will he prevail upon his associates to embrace his views? That is the question, and it involves the welfare of the Middle Kingdom.

Li Hung Chang's yamen is off the official quarter of Tientsin. Like all similar residences a wall seems to block the entrance—to ward off the evil spirit who, according to Chinese belief, can only enter in a straight line. The courtyard, badly paved and in a filthy condition, as well as the mean-looking



LI HUNG CHANG.

buildings, scarcely do credit to the occupant, reputed to be worth 500,000,000 taels. (A tael is, at the present time, worth about seventy-three cents.) At the entrance of the hall is a hideous looking painting of an abnormally ugly idol representing the god of avarice—a hint to the mandarin not to squeeze too much. Upon being admitted to Li's presence, he is found in a dirty, whitewashed, bare apartment of the size of an ordinary parlor. The only furniture it boasts of is a common table with dirty tablecloth and some very ordinary chairs. It is of no use to interview Li unless you understand the mandarin dialect, and even then he persists in doing the questioning, which is frequently, if not altogether, of a personal nature. "Where is your family? How many children have you? Your wife living? What is your salary?" and such questions are unintermittently hurled at the visitor, whose discomfiture is philosophically, but none the less thoroughly, enjoyed by his Excellency.

In person Li Hung Chang is about five feet, eleven inches tall, with a commanding presence. His usual dress is a gray silk robe and black silk cap, but on state occasions he wears the jacket of imperial yellow silk and the peacock feather. Li has three children, two sons and a daughter. One of his sons, Prince Li, a fair English scholar, being educated by a former United States consul at Tientsin, accompanies his father as interpreter on his present trip. He is likely to succeed to his father's ability as well as to his estates. Li's daughter was married to Chang Pei Lun, who, in 1889,

was banished to the Russian frontier on account of excessive peculation. All Li's influence, powerful as it is in foreign affairs, has not been able to obtain a commutation or pardon.

Li Hung Chang owns several large cotton mills and silk filatures, as well as the rich coal fields in Manchuria. He has a body-guard of 35,000 fairly drilled troops, successors of the Black Flag army of 1860. Their loyalty, and they acknowledge no master except the viceroy, insures him against the intrigues of rivals at court. His full title now is, Viceroy of the Province of Chihli, Senior of the four Grand Secretaries of State, ex-Grand Guardian of the Heir Apparent, President of the Board of War, Superintendent of the North Sea Trade, Count Shihu Ki of the First Rank.

CURRENT HISTORY NOTES.

A plot to dethrone the sultan of Morocco has been discovered and suppressed. It is sad to think that the peace of the world is perhaps dependent upon the ups and downs of these penny-ya-penny Oriental despots.

The shipment of several millions in gold from the other side is a refreshing novelty which has a practical as well as sentimental value—or rather value in its effect upon public sentiment—which is quite another thing.

The sultan has yielded and agreed to the plan of autonomy for Crete, to which we referred last week. This means self-government under a chief appointed from Constantinople and a payment of tribute to the Turkish Government, and is one step more toward the settlement of the Eastern question.

Close upon Dr. Nansen's return from his perilous Arctic experiences comes news of the arrival of the *Fram*, which he left adrift in the ice, in the neighborhood of the North Cape. All on board are well, and apparently have little to add to Dr. Nansen's own report. Andree, the explorer, who expected to sail across the pole in a balloon, to be launched from Spitzbergen with a favorable wind, has abandoned the attempt for the season.

A fatal accident marked the yacht racing in the English Channel, in which the small, American-built yacht *Isolde*, belonging to Baron von Ledwitz, was run down by the Emperor William's Meteor. Baron von Ledwitz was rescued, but had been so badly injured that he died before reaching the shore. On account of this tragedy, the Prince of Wales and the German Emperor have put their yachts out of commission, and the racing season is at an end.

Sir John Millais, president of the London Royal Academy, whose death we reported last week, had a notable funeral. Lord Rosebery, the Earl of Carlisle, Gen. Lord Wolseley, the Marquis of Granby, Sir Henry Irving, Holman Hunt, R. A., and Philip Calderon R. A., were the pall bearers. Most of the shops were closed along the route of the procession, and the crowds in the streets and the cathedral bore witness to the hold which the dead artist's pictures have upon the popular imagination.

The retirement from the Secretaryship of the Interior of Hon. Hoke Smith had been long expected, owing to his espousal of the Chicago platform and nominees. Mr. Smith's administration has been a creditable one, being devoid of such scandals as have smirched the Interior department in previous years. Mr. Smith's successor, David R. Francis of Missouri, has been popular in his own State as mayor of St. Louis and as governor, being elected to the latter office in 1888 by one of the heaviest majorities ever registered by the Democratic party in Missouri. He is considered a sound money man.

The Home

LABORARE EST ORARE.

"Although St. Francesca was unwearied in her devotions, yet if during her prayers she was called away by her husband or any domestic duty she would close the book cheerfully, saying that a wife and mother when called upon must quit her God at the altar to find him in her domestic affairs."—*Legends of the Monastic Orders.*

How infinite and sweet, thou everywhere
And all abounding Love, thy service is!
Thou liest an ocean round my world of care,
My petty every day; and fresh and fair
Pour thy strong tides through all my crevices
Until the silence ripples into prayer.

That thy full glory may abound, increase,
And so thy likeness shall be formed in me
I pray; the answer is not rest or peace,
But charges, duties, wants, anxieties,
Till there seems room for everything but thee,
And never time for anything but these.

And I should fear, but lo! amid the press,
The whirl and hum and pressure of my day,
I hear thy garment's sweep, thy seamless dress,
And close beside my work and weariness
Discern thy gracious form not far away,
But very near, O Lord, to help and bless.

The busy fingers fly, the eyes may see
Only the glancing needle which they hold,
But all my life is blossoming inwardly,
And every breath is like a litany,
While through each labor, like a thread of gold,
Is woven the sweet consciousness of thee.

—Susan Coolidge.

HOME MONEY MATTERS.

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

Most men hate to talk over money matters with their wives. The general accusation against men has been, ever since we began to hear anything about the matter, that they did not let their "women folks" know anything about their financial affairs. Consequently, the sudden death of the head of the family usually plunged those dependent upon him into financial chaos, out of which dishonest executors and lawyers evolved such elements as they chose.

Probably in some cases this reticence on the part of men is wise. Some women cannot bear the strain of uncertainty and worry which business men often carry with, at least, outward calmness from one year's end to another. Women's nerves are tenderer, and they feel none of the excitement of competition which often supports men in their crises. The very magnitude of the interests involved almost paralyzes women sometimes, and it would generally be foolish for men conducting large mercantile concerns to attempt to acquaint any members of his family, not directly and actively at work with him, of the daily progress of his undertakings. But the smaller financial pros and cons of the domestic order, the final arrangement of the property in case of death, the amount of insurance, the proportion to be laid by in each year, these are affairs which should be thoroughly understood between husbands and wives.

Not long ago a rich man, who had insisted upon the making of a will by each of his younger relatives, died suddenly without himself having made any will whatsoever, thus throwing unexpectedly weighty cares upon his heirs. This is only one more illustration, added to dozens which everybody knows, of the way in which we all hold theories in regard to personal financial management, yet do not practically carry them out.

"But my husband simply won't talk about money," sighed one intelligent woman. "If

I say after dinner in the evening, 'George, let's discuss the various bills which are due, and see about settling them,' he says: 'Why will you spoil my evening, Maria, when I am so tired? For pity's sake, give me a little peace! I have been worrying about money matters all day.' As he had had at least three months of evenings without them, I felt that he might give up this one to the detested work, but I obediently kept still. The next morning, perhaps, I ask him again. 'O, I mustn't go to my business all worked up about money,' he says, and so on. There is never a time that he likes."

This situation exists oftener than we think. The consequence is that possibly as many as half the whole number of well-to-do wives hardly know whether or not their husband's lives are insured. Even if they know this much, they cannot tell for what sum nor in what companies, nor whether the insurance is for their own benefit entirely, or for that of others. Few women know how much money their husbands have in bank, or in stocks or bonds, or how it is distributed. It is safe to say that while many, perhaps most, women keep some sort of an account of their personal expenses and are called on frequently to tell their husbands how they have spent every ten dollars which has been handed to them, the husbands rarely render such accounts to the wives; though in order to reach the best results in the joint management of the family funds each should know how much the other requires per week for personal expenses. Many a man would be surprised to find what an able helper he would have in his wife, in the close financiering necessary in most homes, if he would only confide in her. It is in little ways that the income leaks away fastest. Woman, with her constant and necessary attention to minute details in the conduct of the home, is better fitted than most men to stop these little leaks.

As the happiness or misery of a family depends largely upon the wise management of the income, it follows that considerable thought and care should be expended upon it. In the ideal home the entire management is the result of joint debates between husband and wife. Neither one should be arbitrary or stubborn. Reason should rule, and each one should be able and willing to enforce his or her position by sound reason or else abandon it. The money branch of the family affairs should be included under this rule, along with the education and discipline of the children, attendance upon social functions, religious observances, dietary and all the other departments of family life. Is it because wives have so often proved unequal to the trust that husbands have come to shut them out of their confidence? Or is it because those who have the power use it arbitrarily and selfishly?

It is said—how truly, who shall decide?—that those families in which the mother has an independent fortune and in which the father is largely dependent upon her aid are the happiest. It would be interesting to study the statistics of such unions, but, alas! they are not to be found. Meantime, in view of the success of women in managing, as they almost invariably do, the small shops—and often the larger ones—of the old world, the sensible course would seem to be for fathers and mothers to summon courage enough frequently to discuss and arrange together the family expenses, even

though it may be prosaic and disagreeable business. And is not the sensible course always the course most consistent with true religion?

AFIELD WITH YOUNG NATURALISTS.

WAYSIDE WEEDS.

BY MRS. S. J. BUCKLIN.

The noontide of the year is past,
Now wanes fair summer's afternoon,
When autumn shadows gather fast,
And flowers fade, alas, too soon.

My August walk took me along the shady side of a public highway on a hot afternoon when even a peep into the green depths of woodland seemed to bring cooling refreshment. Ferns and low shrubs formed a thick hedge on both sides of the road, enlivened by pink hardhack, white spirea, yellow wild indigo and white wild carrot. On a brake a snake was lying, his weight not even bending the slender support. At a safe distance I admired the distinct marking of his body in narrow black, white and yellow stripes, and an old springtime couplet came to mind.

Break your first brake and kill your first snake
And you'll surely go through with all you undertake.

Yellow predominates in the color of August flowers. Yellow suggests wealth, warmth, high noon. Golden is August sunshine—golden the hours that are fast leaving behind the noontide of the year. Among the yellow flowers of humble birth are St. John's-wort, buttercups, evening primrose, the flaunting sunflower, the ever-cheery golden-rod, graceful meadow lilies and

Like stars dropped down from summer skies
Besprinkling field and meadow gay,
The hawkbits ope their golden eyes
Along each sunlit, grassy way.

The hawkbit belongs to the Compositae family. It blooms early in August and is common in eastern New England, springing up on lawns, in grassland and by roadsides, having a slender stem, branched at the top, bearing flowers like small dandelions. Another plant called hawkweed blooms about the same time, but is of coarser, weedy growth, bearing on its branched stalk forty or fifty flowers. The similarity of the flowers of these plants will be readily noticed by an observer. The hawkbit has been falsely called arnica. I find no authority for assuming that arnica grows in Massachusetts, as it is credited to the White Mountains of New Hampshire and the Essex Mountains of New York.

A species of St. John's-wort known as *Hypericum perforatum* is a hardy weed prevailing in dry pastures and growing along roadsides. A curious feature of this plant is its punctate leaves, in which tiny holes may be seen when the leaf is held between the eye and sunlight. The evening primrose is found in fields and waste places. Its large, numerous yellow flowers open at night and wither the next day. This gives it the language of inconstancy. The root is said to cause a thirst for wine. More than ten varieties are mentioned, blooming from May to October in all parts of the United States.

I picked my first spray of golden-rod this year early in July. This universal favorite seems to herald summer's close and the approach of autumn's cheer. It lingers till harvest is over, when asters, purple and white, illumine field and mead. More than fifty species are described, varying from the small, weedy denizen of dry, sterile pastures to the large, handsome variety growing luxuriantly by the seaside. The coast golden-

rod is peculiarly beautiful. Its flowers are large, grouped in a dense terminal raceme. White golden-rod grows on the edge of woodland. The language of this flower is encouragement and suggests the thought of brave endurance and adaptation to its situation in life.

The most beautiful of August flowers are the graceful lilies, which dangle their golden bells where

O'er meadow grasses dark and damp
The firefly swings his tiny lamp,
While in the copse on pine-clad hill,
Complains the hoarse-toned whip-poor-will.

The drowsy crickets in the grass
Chirp a good night to summer cheer,
And slowly lengthening shadows creep
Along the dial of the year.

Two kinds of these lilies frequent our meadows in August. One has yellow drooping flowers clustering in groups of one to three and the other is like the cultivated tiger lily. A brilliant scarlet lily grows in the edge of woodland, and the fragrant water lily is still opening its lovely flowers on placid lake and stream.

Among wayside weeds we must notice plants distinguished for their milky juice. Most of these belong to the *Asclepiads*. The coarse stocky plants called milk or silk weed are *Asclepias* and have curious blossoms in closely packed heads. Each flower has a little horn in which the feet of bees become caught. Remember to look for this when you see a milkweed flower. The plant seems to possess a linen-like texture. The fiber of its stalk has been used in the manufacture of thread, cloth, nets, and for ropes or bands used in wells, as water does not rot them. The silky hairs around the seeds have been used in manufacturing textile fabrics alone and with wool and silk. I have the nest of a Baltimore oriole made almost wholly of strips of the inner bark torn from a dead stalk. It is very strong, gray in color and silky in appearance. Nearly 1,000 *Asclepiads* are known, including the fragrant *Stephanotis*, cultivated in hothouses, and the *Hoya carnosa*, or wax plant, of which it is said, "From every flower a drop of honey is always found hanging."

Another plant with numerous small, bell-shaped flowers is the dogbane, found along roadsides, stone walls and fences. The milky juice of this plant has poisonous principles. The common spurge is an old-fashioned plant sometimes seen in door-yards and burial places. It belongs to another race of plants with milky juice, the *spurge* family. While this whole order is more or less poisonous it furnishes tapioca from the roots of one species. When fresh this root is a violent poison, but loses this property by washing and exposure to heat. Castor oil is expressed from the seed of *Ricinus*, another member of this family. Common spurge has a short stem thickly covered with fine, narrow, straight leaves, terminating in a bunch of insignificant yellow flowers. An example of the poisonous character of some plants came into the experience of the writer when a teacher in a large school for boys. A number of the boys were leveling ditch banks and found some roots which were sweet like chestnuts. Some of the boys ate freely and were taken violently ill. The poison produced temporary insanity and only by the use of strong emetics were their lives saved.

Every young naturalist should know what plants may be used and which to avoid, and thus enjoy the abundant provision that the Creator has made for the benefit of man.

HOW RANGER MADE AMENDS.

BY ANN DUDLEY.

Such a bright, beautiful, birthday morning. Such a busy morning, too, for a famous dinner, with plum pudding for dessert, was to be prepared by the Widow Greenleaf. The four little Greenleaves were in various states of agitation according to age. The mother, aided by the oldest boy, a lad of fifteen, had a hard time supplying the ordinary necessities, and unusual self-denial of the younger ones had made this birthday dinner possible, in honor of the delicate, lame sister, twelve year-old Minnie, the favored member of the household.

A fairly large piece of corned beef was put on early to boil, and by ten o'clock was ready to cool that it might be sliced for the three o'clock dinner. Mrs. Greenleaf placed the beef in one pan, covered it with another and carried it to a bench outside, on which stood also a tin can holding a tall, slender branch of pine that the children had used for a plaything the day before. Ranger, a fine, large retriever, lay at a little distance in the yard sunning himself. Presently an unusually severe gust of wind toppled the can over, and the fall jarred the upper pan off the meat.

Ranger sprang up startled. A delicious fragrance greeted his nostrils and he proceeded to investigate. O, what a treat! A great bone with meat all around it! This, too, for a dog whose breakfast had been forgotten in the hurry of the morning work. Ranger knew perfectly well that it was not intended for him, but was ever a hungry dog so tempted? Steps were heard in the kitchen, the door opened and out came Mrs. Greenleaf. Ranger slunk back guiltily, fully conscious of the mischief he had contemplated doing.

"Ranger, Ranger, you miserable dog, eating our dinner like this," cried the little woman, for good, tender meat was not an everyday matter. "You never stole before and I'll teach you never to do it again." And seizing the pine branch she struck him two or three times quite smartly.

Such an experience was an unknown quantity in Ranger's life. Hitherto, a sharp word or reproachful look from his friends had been sufficient to make him wretched. Now his pride, sense of dignity and self-respect, so conspicuously exhibited in well-treated dogs, were wounded beyond description. He fled to a clump of currant bushes in a corner of the yard, and lay among them peering forth with great, gloomy eyes. At the end of an hour the sound of a gun was heard in the distance. The whole aspect of the dog changed, he listened intently, seemed to meditate for a moment, then rose and with a look at the kitchen window trotted forth in the direction of the sound. There was a river a short distance away, a favorite hunting ground where plenty of snipe were to be found. Ranger had been there frequently with both friends and strangers, for he would go with any one who carried a gun and a bag and return by himself when the sport was over.

Several sportsmen with a dog were slowly walking down the bank. A crackling in the bushes announced Ranger's approach. Panting and in a quiver of excitement he took his place by one of the men, a self-elected member of the party. Suddenly he flushed a widgeon which fell to the gun of one in the party and, of course, instantly dived. Ranger galloped down stream fifty

or sixty yards, entered the water and began working up stream making a great commotion till he came where the hunter stood. There he landed and began to hunt the bank some distance down, crossed to the opposite side and diligently explored that bank. Several minutes elapsed and the party proposed to move on when their attention was called to a sudden change in the dog's demeanor. His "flag" was up and going from side to side in the energetic manner which every sportsman knows to betoken hot scent. Away went the waving tail until thirty or forty yards from the bank opposite to where the party stood there was a momentary scuffle. The bird rose from the ground, the dog sprang into the air, caught it, paused irresolutely eyeing the hunters, turned and disappeared at full gallop from the gaze of the astonished party.

Ranger never slackened speed until he reached his own door, which, hearing a little muffled whine, one of the children opened. The dog slipped past him and deposited the wounded bird in Mrs. Greenleaf's lap as she sat stoning raisins.

"Well, if this isn't a river duck!" cried the good woman. "How in the world did you get it, you blessed old dog; dear old fellow, he has tried to make amends for his mischief this morning and indeed he has."

Of course Ranger was petted and caressed to his heart's content. He had a ribbon tied in his collar and was rewarded with such a dinner as he never had before in his life.

THE HOME SHOULD HELP.

Discussing some defects in our present educational system, in an article in *Good House-keeping*, Charles Dudley Warner speaks of the growing disuse of the Bible as a book generally read in the household, and says that this neglect brings about a distinct loss in vigor of mind, in historical breadth, in language and style, in literary taste and discrimination. He adds:

The schools, driven on by an unintelligent public sentiment, administered usually by men who have not the least conception of what education should be, are constantly overloaded with courses and studies beyond the capacity of the young mind to assimilate. The sole object set before them is the passing of an examination in order to get into the next grade or the higher school. In this crowding of studies and push for going higher, in this attempt to stuff the young minds with a mass of general textbook information, there is no time for reading, no time for acquiring a taste for literature, no wholesome broadening of the mind by real cultivation.

Now, what happens by wholly turning over education to the public schools, to the state, when there is no love of reading learned at home? Hosts of young men and young women come up for examination in colleges, and are admitted, who have never read any books except the textbooks they are required by the examination to know. Of the whole world of history, biography, fiction, poetry, science, outside of these meager text-books, their minds are a blank, and thousands annually go through the district and high schools, following every turn in our mechanical scheme of education, without any habit of reading, any love of books, any conception of the world of thought, which is the important world.

This state of things will continue, and be intensified, unless the schools change. And even if they do change, if they simply change their courses, if they try to train the mind instead of trying to stuff it, if they attempt to teach literature, to instill a love for books and for reading, under the most competent teachers, they cannot supply the want of some intellectual atmosphere in the home.

Closet and Altar

Let prayer be the key of the morning and the bolt of the evening.

Has the water that Christ has given thee become, O Christian, a well in thee? Hast thou within thyself a well of perennial purity and bliss, of beautiful thoughts, delight in God, willingness to do his will, peace, strength to resist temptation, love to your fellowmen, anticipation of glory? If there be in thee this inexhaustible well of all that is desirable, then hast thou enough not only for thyself but for thy neighbors, for all mankind in fact. Yes, if thou alone of all the family of man were in possession of such a well, from thee there might go forth streams to make glad the entire face of the earth, to satisfy the entire wants of men. For this well in thee is Christ in thee.—
George Bowen.

There may be many tongues and many languages of men, but the language of prayer is one by itself, in all and above all. It is the inspiration of that Spirit that is now working with our spirit, and constantly lifting us higher than we know; and by our wants, by our woes, by our tears, by our yearnings, by our poverty, urging us, with mightier and mightier force, against those chains of sin which keep us from our God.—
H. B. Stowe.

To do more we must be more. To be more we must see more of God. It is the divine appearing that liberates and reveals the forces of the soul.—*W. R. Nicoll.*

Wearied, Lord, of struggling here
With this constant doubt and fear,
Burdened by the pains I bear,
And the trials I must share—
Help me, Lord, again to flee
To the rest that's found in thee!

Fettered by this earthly scope
In the reach and aim of hope,
Fixing thought is narrow bound
Where no living truth is found—
Help me, Lord, again to flee
To the hope that's fixed in thee!

—*A. D. F. Randolph.*

Forgive us, O Lord, if we have this day said or done anything to increase the pain of the world. Pardon the unkind word, the impatient gesture, the hard and selfish deed, the failure to show sympathy and kindly help where we had opportunity, but missed it; and enable us so to live that we may daily do something to lessen the tide of human sorrow and add to the sum of human happiness. We have our own sorrows, O Father. We wait for footsteps that do not come; we yearn for sympathy which is not given; we knock at doors that do not open; we think of graves that hide our dearest treasures. We fear the loneliness, the changes and chances of this mortal life and the mystery of that unknown future that stretches away in the dark like a moor beyond the light of home. But thou art ours and we are thine—nothing can ever separate us from thee. Do not leave us orphans, but come to us by thy Son and by thy Spirit. Only let us not miss the lesson of pain and sorrow and long waiting, but be made perfect through suffering, so that there need be no turned lessons in our life. Amen.

Tangles.

[For the leisure hour recreation of old and young. Any reader who can contribute odd and curious enigmas, etc., of a novel and interesting kind is invited to do so, addressing the Puzzle Editor of The Congregationalist.]

74. TRIPLE LETTER ENIGMA.

(The TOTAL has three parts, each of which is a word formed by taking a letter from each of the three quotations.)

In "truths" distorted much,
In "logic turned" aside,
Faulty "philosophy" and such,
Is TOTAL spied.

The ONE is not a dainty term,
Yet names a food, I can affirm.
Whoe'er would other men convince
Abandon must TWO TOTAL, since
It THREEs to hold uncertain ground,
While truth is always elsewhere found.

c.

75. FOR THE FAIR.

Among other things found by agents of the Paris World's Fair of 1900 are the following: In an island belonging to Great Britain, (1) a body of lawyers, (2) a fine-blooded horse, (3) a bustle and (4) a number of female deer. From some mountains in Europe, (5) something mightier than the sword, (6) a mimic and (7) baseball players. From a county in Georgia, (8) a hut or shelter, and (9) an instrument that calls to worship. From another county in the same State, (10) a head of false hair. From another of the States of the Union, (11) the first boat on record, and (12) another State. From a country in Asia, (13) a kind of worsted blanket. From a country of Africa, (14) a bottomless pit, and (15) that which causes men to sink into it. From an island said to belong to Spain, (16) a lion's whelp. From a coast of Africa, (17) an English coin. From one of the United States, (18) an aboriginal, and (19) a Roman goddess. From two other States, (20) an old-time slaveholder, (21) his wife, (22) unmarried daughter, and (23) beast of burden. From some islands belonging to Spain, (24) a former Spanish king, (25) part of the face, (26) a peg, and (27) a valuable timber tree. From a mountain in Maine, (28) a seat, and (29) something to put it on. From a country in Europe, (30) a cave, and (31) one of the evangelists. From a State of the Union, (32) a rule, and (33) articles offered for sale. From a country in Asia, (34) part of the face, and (35) fine porcelain. From a town in South America, (36) a ledge, (37) a Japanese coin, and (38) a hot seasoning. From a county in Indiana, (39) a bonus, (40) a nut, (41) a container for liquids, and (42) a kind of boat.

DOROTHEA.

[The editor's selection of the works of one of the poets, nicely bound in cloth, will be

given the sender of the best list of the objects described in this puzzle. In case of tie, the list that is best arranged and neatest will be given preference.]

76. WORD CHANGES.

1. Change PAPER to CLOTH in seven moves. 2. Change READ to TALK in six moves. 3. Change BIRD to WOLF in five moves. 4. Change BOOK to READ in four moves.

ROSS W. SANDERSON.

ANSWERS.

69. Shallot.
70. Forty-seven.
71. Sable, fable.
72. Capernaum.
73. Ja(y)-cob.

Among answers received to July Tangles were: Mrs. M. A. Harrington, Webster, Mass., 68; J. L. B., Providence, R. I., 66, 68; Mary H. Moody, Isabel E. Stiles, Melvin, N. H., 61, 62, 63, 64; Millie Bradbury, Chelsea, Mass., 61, 62.

A Newburyport solver would greatly reduce the number of "moves" in the Word Changes (No. 62). He would "change pen to ink," for instance, in this way: "Pen, pin, ink." He overlooks the fact, however, that he not only changes the letter at each "move," but he changes the place of the letter, which is doing more than was specified.

A man must give his mind to a wife and a wife must give her mind to a husband, as well as the heart, if they are to make a success of married life.—*R. F. Horton.*

Just Now

When inferior, low grade alum baking powders are being urged upon the public, it is well to remember that alum is unwholesome; its use in bread making is prohibited in some countries and baking powders made with alum are required in some States to be so branded.

The only acid ingredient used in Cleveland's baking powder is pure cream of tartar; no alum, no ammonia, no adulteration of any kind. It costs a few cents a pound more than alum powders, but it is worth more.

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DULUTH IMPERIAL MILL CO., Duluth, Minn.

The Conversation Corner.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: Isn't D. F. "a man and a bother"? I have just received the proof of last week's Corner, forwarded to me from a post office in Maine, where the office secretary had sent it! What do you suppose are my feelings as I see that he has not only left out the second literary item, but substituted his curious prize offer? I am afraid now he has mixed up the whole matter so that you will not understand how to compete for any of the prizes. These are the different

PRIZE OFFERS.

1. *Publisher's offer.* (See Corner June 15.) For best photograph of vacation scene, historic place, or other suitable picture for this page, accompanied by short description. Choice of \$2 book. Time not mentioned, but better send photograph soon after return from vacation.

2. *Mr. Martin's offer.* (See Corner Aug. 13.) For best account of the Frigate Constitution, of General Israel Putnam, or of the Eagle as a National Emblem. Limited to 500 words. Copy of Corner Scrap Book, or other book of similar value. Limit of time, Sept. 15; of age of competitors, 18.

3. *D. F.'s offer.* (See Corner Aug. 20.) For the best photograph of any vehicle of travel, on land or water. Copy of Corner Scrap Book and one dollar. Limit of time, Sept. 16; of age of competitors, 19.

The motive of this offer of our Despotio Foreman is apparent, but I forgive him, and the worst wish I have is that you Cornerers will just deluge him with every possible "land vehicle or water craft" you can think of, from a schooner to a skiff, from a coach to a camel, from a balloon to a bicycle. I happen to know that just before this paper is issued he starts off on his vacation sojourn at his North River cabin. Let him have pictures enough to occupy his leisure while he is frying his fish, or stewing his sand-peeps! I give this confidential hint to Corner boys in that region, that they may look him up (close to the boundary line between Scituate and Marshfield), and get a snap-shot of him in his boat or on his "bike"—they would win his prize!

This introduces a letter from my last summer's companion in the Old Colony:

DUXBURY, MASS.

My Dear Mr. Martin: I am in Duxbury again, and thought you might like to hear from me and the old "Alphabet." There was a boat race here a while ago, but for some unknown reason the 26 did not appear. She may have been out on some voyage. When I was on the top of Mt. Washington on the twenty-ninth of June I saw a boat in the lake above the clouds which greatly resembled Captain Myles's boat. Do you suppose it could have been?

KINGSLEY B.

There is nothing unreasonable in supposing that our venturesome and mysterious old Captain may have been on the summit of Mt. Washington, or anywhere else on the round earth. Now that I think of it, D. F. hinted a few days ago that he thought of going up to the White Hills, but as he has suddenly changed his plan, I should not be surprised if Captain Myles and the 26 are back again in salt water. I have written Kingsley to keep a sharp lookout for them, and report to us anything of interest.

And new for the answer, not inserted last week, to the "American Girl's" inquiry (July 16) for the poem beginning:-

'Twas autumn, and the leaves were dry,
And rustled on the ground;
And chilly winds went whistling by,
With low and pensive sound.

I have had a deluge of letters about it, and copies enough of the poem to run the "first class in reading" of a "district school." It contained seventeen four-line verses, and was entitled "The Little Graves." It was published in John Pierpont's National Reader of over sixty years ago. In that and in Town's Progressive Third Reader no author is given. In No. 5 of Angell's school readers, published in Providence, R. I., also about 1835, the piece is signed "Memnon." Considerable inquiry has been made for the original of that *nom de plume*, but as yet without success. In a book of "Anonyms" I find a piece—perhaps not the same one—entitled "The Three Little Graves," attributed to Miss Clarence Cadey. That possibly may be a clue. I will quote from only two of the many letters kindly sent in regard to these quaint, pathetic verses of the old time and style:

GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS.

... I learned it sixty years ago and at first thought some of the verses were forgotten, but they came to me, and I am quite of the opinion that nothing is really forgotten. If that is so how important it is that the mind should be stored with memories that will give pleasure and profit instead of pain. Mrs. D.

AUGUSTA, GA.

... The poem recalls pleasant memories of teachers and school in far-away Providence, R. I. As I sit in my adopted Southern home, I try to imagine a salt breeze from old Narragansett, but it is too tantalizing! Mrs. S.

This for the sixty and seventy years old Cornerers—now for the children.

MALDEN, MASS.

Dear Mr. Martin: ... In my garden I have violets, bloodroot, columbines and corydalis. I tried to make some wild lilies of the valley and loosestrife and Solomon's seal grow, but they all died. There's a boy lives near me who said he would like to join the Corner. Our Sunday school had a picnic at Lynnfield Pond. We went out rowing and we had a ball game and races. I beat in the running broad jump.

GEORGE B.

Why did you not give that boy's name? I remember going to a S. S. picnic, too, at Lynnfield Pond, but it was a long time ago.

RAVENSWOOD, ILL.

Dear Mr. Martin: I went up to Beloit and I saw some squirrels and blue jays. Once a lady gave the squirrel some nuts. When he was on the window sill getting a nut a blue jay lit on his back. The squirrel jumped and the blue jay fell off. I am going to get a wheel. Elizabeth walks, holding on to chairs.

FRANK G.

I have just had a call from a young fellow who walks in precisely that way, but almost before we know it he, and Elizabeth, too, will be not only running on their feet, but riding on their wheels! These two letters remind me to report about the "America" sweet peas sent from Frank's home a long while ago, that the neighbor boy to whom I gave them for planting brought me in, on my return from my outing, some gorgeous blossoms of patriotic colors.

Dear Mr. Martin: I am seven years old. I live in Montclair, N. J. I go to Dr. Bradford's church. I go to school. I am just learning to write. I want to be a Cornerer.

HALDANE J.

Six good things about that boy!

Mr. Martin

CORNER SCRAP-BOOK.

That Arctic Balloon. Have our readers, who were to be on the lookout for Dr. Andree's balloon, bound for the North Pole (*Scrap book*, Aug. 6), noticed the news about it from Spitzbergen? He had to wait a long time for southerly winds and then found four rents in his balloon. As the season of the midnight sun was nearly passed, he had to abandon his little trip for the present.

The Spitzbergen Expedition. News has come from this too. This was not an aerial excursion but one on solid—very solid—land. It was undertaken by my namesake, Sir Martin (Conway), of England, in order to cross and explore this dreary, uninhabited and practically unexplored land. You will see by your maps that this island (or archipelago) is exactly north of Norway, and northeast of Greenland. It is within seven hundred miles of the North Pole. The wise men who know what was going on three millions of years ago say that at that time Spitzbergen had a climate like that of the United States now. (We would like to have had a bit of Spitzbergen in our climate a few days ago!) Instead of perpetual snow and enormous glaciers were meadows, pine forests, pond-lilies, bees, butterflies and grasshoppers. Two centuries ago the Hollanders carried on extensive fisheries there, occupying for a few years a flourishing summer town, and in the middle of the last century seven Russian sailors were cast away on the coast and lived for seven years in a Robinson Crusoe style. Even now men go up there and bring down down from the elder duck. Our readers will find the story of that strange country an interesting one to look up. Much information will be gained by this expedition of Sir Martin, which has succeeded in crossing the frozen land.

Nansen's Expedition. News has also just come from this famous Norwegian explorer, who left Christiania in 1893, in the little steamer *Fram*, planning to reach the polar ice by a new route and then drift with it into the supposed open sea. In March, 1895, he left a party on the *Fram* to do the drifting. That was in Lat. 84, and Long. 102° 27'. With another party he then proceeded northward over the ice with twenty-eight dogs and two sledges, having also two kayaks for possible open water. On April 7 he reached Lat. 86° 14', nearly four degrees nearer the pole than Greely made in 1882. (How far was he from the pole then?) They went some further on skis, but saw nothing but rough ice and frozen breakers. For three weeks the temperature was 40° below zero. They then began their march to Franz Josef Land, losing all but two of their dogs. Aug. 12, they discovered unknown islands and a fortnight later—a year ago yesterday—went into winter quarters, building a hut of stones and moss, with a roof of walrus hide, tied down with ropes and covered with snow.

They remained there until May of this year, living on bear meat and walrus blubber, and sleeping in bear-skin sleeping bags. Cruising along Franz Josef Land on ice and in open water they met by strange accident on an ice-floe, June 17, Jackson of the British expedition, near whom they had been for some time, though neither explorer knew of the fact. They were taken to the headquarters of the latter expedition, and subsequently by its steamer to Norway, whence comes this message. Boys will be interested to know that Fridtjof Nansen, when a boy in Christiania, used to go to school four miles in all weathers, and also became one of the best snow-shoe runners in Norway. We shall await with interest news from the *Fram*. Next week I hope to give you tidings from another Arctic friend of yours.

L. N. M.

The Sunday School

LESSON FOR SEPT. 6 1 Chron. 22: 6-16.

DAVID'S LOVE FOR GOD'S HOUSE.

BY REV. A. E. DUNNING, D. D.

One must know the history of Israel in order to understand the significance of the temple. It came to be regarded as the only appropriate place for the worship of God. It was the source of all authority in the government of the nation. It was the visible center of national unity. Toward it the Jew, wherever he was, turned his eyes when he prayed. The hope of rebuilding it, after it had fallen into ruin, survived among the captives in Babylon for more than a generation and impelled a great company to return and make again a house for the Lord. Such a love for the place where men meet to worship God is a great power in forming character and shaping national life. David had that love, and had also the statesmanship to provide for its cultivation among his people after his death. To foster such a love in our own nation is to do for it a great service. How can it be promoted among us? We may learn something of the way to cultivate this love by David's experience.

1. David's plan for building the temple. It had long been in his thought, so long that each part of it was distinctly outlined in his mind. He regarded the plan as imparted to him by God in all its details [1 Chron. 28: 11-19], as Moses had received the plan of the tabernacle in the mount [Ex. 25: 40]. He had thus during his life on the throne reflected on this building which he meant to erect because he was the king of Israel and because he was a priest for his people. The temple was to be the dwelling place of God. There all the people were to seek and find him, and from it the law of God was to go forth as the guide of their lives. There, through appointed sacrifices, they were to be reconciled to him and their sins were to be forgiven.

David's plan, then, included not only the structure of the temple, but its relations with the life of the people. He sought to build the knowledge of God and love for him into the national character. That was what distinguished Israel from other nations and fitted them to give the true religion to the world. The Messiah was not only the offspring of David, but of the people whom David through the temple and its meaning taught to look for and desire him. No one can have a loftier mission than to give the kingdom of God to mankind, and whoever realizes that as his mission, as David did, belongs in the list of heroes "who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, . . . waxed mighty in war, turned to flight armies of aliens."

But David was not permitted to see his plans realized. The Lord of Hosts fought his battles for him, but peace is essential to the highest mission in building the kingdom of God, and the great warrior could not also be the temple builder. He could only prepare the way for another to do the work which was his highest ambition. The man of peace is more honored by God than the man of war.

2. Solomon's plan for building the temple. He accepted his father's plan. It came to him as an inheritance, to be the greatest work of his life. Such it proved to be. He did not extend the dominion which David placed in his hands. The crowning splendor of his reign was the temple which he built, after plans and with materials placed in his hands when he ascended the throne. In taking up the purposes of his father for the religious life of the people and carrying them forward in ways suited to his own times he did the work which has made his name memorable. To continue and carry forward to larger results what our fathers have done to make known to men God's love and truth is to do the best service of which we are capable.

3. Solomon's equipment for building the temple. First of all he must be assured of the approving presence of God. He could build only under divine direction, and in the constant consciousness of it. "The Lord be with thee; . . . build the house of the Lord thy God, as he hath spoken concerning thee." Next he needed wisdom and understanding, which only the Lord can give, and which he gives only to those who diligently seek these gifts. Piety alone does not qualify any man to build a temple of God. He must know how to build. Those who seek to be teachers of divine truth without having learned it, who expect that God will give them wisdom without study, dishonor him and mar his building. Solomon needed to know and to obey the statutes and judgments which God gave to Israel through Moses. Then he needed strength and courage. With the most abundant materials, the most devoted piety and the best equipment, there are still many obstacles in the work of building the temple of God, and whatever part we have in it we can find strength and courage for it only by having daily recourse to the source of strength.

4. David's preparation for building the temple. In the midst of all his labors in organizing the nation and conquering its enemies, he had been busy both in collecting materials and in training workmen for the great object which he kept before him. It is hardly possible that the figures given in v. 14 are correct. There was not, probably, as much gold in use at that time in the whole world as one hundred thousand talents, which would be equal to nearly three billions of dollars. The total amount in the year 1870 was about eight billions. But the statements in the text are sufficient to show that David used his opportunities as king above all other things to build a house for God. For this purpose he gathered treasures in war, for this he lived, and for this achievement every Christian is indebted to the founder of the nation through which the knowledge of God and salvation through Jesus Christ have come to us.

The temple of Solomon is not the antitype of our modern houses of worship, nor can we apply to them the language which belonged to that temple. Church edifices are precious to those who worship in them, because of their sacred associations; but the true temple of God today is composed of believers in Christ, who, "as living stones, are built up a spiritual house!" Jesus Christ is its foundation stone, in whom each several building, fitly framed together, groweth into a holy temple in the Lord; in whom ye also are built together for a habitation of God in the spirit."

Therefore it is only when believers in Christ are gathered together in a house of worship that it can truly be said that "the Lord is in his holy temple." Every true disciple led to join such a company is a stone added to the temple of God. All efforts to bring men in every nation into fellowship with Christ are work acceptable to God in building his temple. It is the most precious thing in the world and when it is completed the glory of the Lord will appear in it, the final, perfect revelation of himself to mankind. Our noblest work is to build this temple of God, and every one who loves him is called to have a part in it.

THE CHURCH PRAYER MEETING.

Topic, Aug. 30-Sept. 5. Jesus the Carpenter. Mark 6: 1-6; 1 Thess 4: 9-12.

The mission and teaching of Jesus as affected by his trade, the society in which he lived, his habits of toil. What was his view of the relations between wage-earners and their employers?

(See prayer meeting editorial).

The essential elements of giving are power and love—activity and affection—and the consciousness of the race testifies that in the high and appropriate exercise of these is a blessedness greater than any other.—Mark Hopkins.

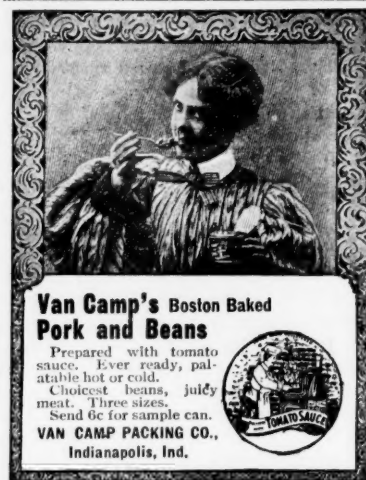


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PROGRESS OF THE KINGDOM.

OUR OWN WORK.

Dr. Kimball's Return. Dr. Grace N. Kimball of Van, whose courage and energy in organizing and superintending relief work among the suffering Armenians have made her name well known, is on her way back to this country. She went to Van under the American Board in 1882, but returned in 1888 to take a full medical course, going once more to Van as a medical missionary in 1892. But no efforts during these four years have been availing to secure a permit from the Turkish Government allowing her to practice legally. Hoping that the desired diploma would be secured in time, she threw herself heart and soul into the relief work, manifesting so much wisdom and executive ability that the American Board had reason to be proud of such a missionary. Her services in this line, however, were at an end, the government forbade apothecaries to fill her prescriptions and the opportunity to practice her profession seemed so hopeless that Miss Kimball decided to return home and has accepted the position of medical assistant at Vassar College.

Waiting Thousands. The Foochow Mission is not the only one in China to feel the awakening of eager interest in Christianity. From North China comes news of many inquirers and constantly increasing church membership. Mr. Chapin of Lin Ching reports some fruitful meetings at that station. Three services daily were held for a week and he writes: "Our Chinese churches seem to have reached that stage of growth when revival services, resulting in a quickening of the church and gathering in of many who have known the truth for a long time without making a profession, are most helpful and stimulating. The revivals of the last two or three years clearly show that our work has entered upon a new stage. In some fields there are thousands, possibly myriads, who have lost all faith in idolatry and who are quite ready to accept the statement of there being only one true God. One of our teachers has said that the sale of incense, mock money, etc., has materially lessened in hundreds of villages around Pang-chuang. Now all that is needed is a great quickening of the church, a large outpouring of the Holy Spirit, to bring thousands under the power of the gospel. That such a revival is not far away, I myself fully believe."

THE WORLD AROUND.

The Greek Church in Japan. We of Protestant countries are prone to think that we are the elect of God and that other faiths have no such high-souled, unselfish missionaries as ours. To gain broadness of mind and a due appreciation of Christians belonging to another branch of the holy catholic church we recommend the perusal of interesting articles in *The Japan Evangelist* on two noble Russian missionaries, both representatives of the Greek church in Japan—Bishop Nicolai Kasatkin and the Countess of Kraftokine, otherwise known as Sister Olga. A well-informed Japanese writer has said that Japan has had three great missionaries, Francis Xavier, Dr. S. R. Brown and Bishop Nicolai, the only one of the three now living. Feeling an interest in foreign missions and the country so recently opened to other nations, Nicolai went to Hakodate as chaplain to the Russian consulate in 1861, and began his preparatory work by so devoting himself to the language and literature that he has long been one of the most scholarly and eloquent speakers among the foreign residents of Japan. The baptism in 1866 of the first Japanese convert to the Greek Church and the zeal of others who were won in the next three years led to the founding of a mission in Japan, with Nicolai as the first missionary. In 1871 he made Tokyo the center of operations, and since then has had his residence in that city. From that time the history of the Greek Church in Japan, with all its activities, has

been inseparably interwoven with the history of this man who became its bishop in 1879, and whose tireless energy, sincere piety, commanding ability and intense personality have made it what it is. Instead of one believer thirty years ago, there are now nearly 25,000 guided by a band of native chaplains. Instead of being an unknown quantity, the Greek Church today is recognized as one of the great religious forces of Japan.

Sowing the Word. It is scarcely possible to overestimate the importance of the work of Bible translation and distribution in the evangelization of pagan lands, and the annual report of the American Bible Society, just issued, is always interesting reading. The issues of the society during its eighty years of existence amount to the enormous sum of 61,705,841. The total issues for last year alone, at home and in foreign lands, were 1,750,283. Over a thousand of these were volumes for the blind, making the whole number of books issued since the society undertook to print Bibles for this unfortunate class, fifty-four years ago, 21,565. In regard to translations and revisions now on hand the report shows that progress is being made by Rev. John Edwards, who has been engaged in translating into Choctaw the book of Proverbs and revising the New Testament, as well as by the revisers of the Shanghai Colloquial Scriptures and the committee in China having charge of the union version of the Bible. Rev. John Carrington of Bangkok has been carrying through the press new and revised editions of the Siamese Scriptures, and a translation of the four gospels into the language of the Bule country, by the late Dr. A. C. Good of the Gaboon Mission, West Central Africa, has been printed together with the Bible in the ancient Armenian. Steps have been taken also to give the Scriptures to the aboriginal people of South America. The report is full of interesting accounts of colportage in foreign lands as well as in the home field, but we regret to note that the society's receipts for benevolent purposes were considerably less than those of twenty years ago. But for its reserve legacy fund a serious deficit would have resulted.

PEN AND SCISSORS.

A hopeful feature of the revival at Aintab, Central Turkey, is the increased attendance at the Sunday schools, which now have a membership of over 3,000 children. It has been necessary to refuse to admit adults because there is no room to accommodate them.

During the past year the islanders of Kusaie, Micronesia, have built three new churches of the native coral rock to take the place of those destroyed by a hurricane five years ago. It required the labor of all the natives on the island for several weeks and at the dedication service the people attended in a body.

A new movement in Japan, not unlike the Salvation Army in its motive and nomenclature, is the Missionary Army, whose rank and file are made up of active Christians from seven *Kumiai* churches, one Presbyterian and one Methodist church in Osaka. It is distinctively a city missionary enterprise.

Several of the American Board missionaries in Turkey have established industrial enterprises to give employment to the starving people. Dr. Kimball was the first to work along this line in Van, but now Miss Shattuck at Oorfa has started some of the women in embroidery and Mr. White of Marsovan reports the employment of many persons in the manufacture of a gingham cloth which is in demand.

China is full of contradictions. Just as we are beginning to think she is looking favorably on Western agencies of civilization we learn by a letter from Mr. Ament that the new railroad line from Tientsin to Peking has been torn up by an enraged mob of boatmen and carters. They evidently feared injury to their business, but it is said that even the gov-

ernment support of the plan for a railroad was altogether lukewarm.

An English Unitarian minister, Rev. J. T. Sunderland, recently made a tour of India for the purpose of preparing the way for co-operation between the Unitarians of the West and the Brahmo-somaj. At a meeting of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association he advised educating three students for the Brahmo ministry in the Manchester Theological College, but two Indians who were present frankly affirmed that Unitarians could not make much progress in India so long as they called themselves Christians.

Speaking at the Evangelical Alliance Jubilee in London, Mr. Heli Chatelain declared that slavery exists and is practiced at present over the whole face of the Dark Continent. He says the evil prevails not only throughout all the European spheres of influence but in all the African colonies and protectorates of Great Britain, France and Germany. This does not coincide very well with the glowing reports we receive from time to time of the abolition of slavery in various sections of Africa.

Y. P. S. O. E.

PRAYER MEETING.

BY REV. H. A. BRIDGMAN.

Topic, Sept. 6-12. Getting the Most out of the Bible. Deut. 6: 1-9

It always seems easier to look about for some new way of reading and studying the Bible than to avail ourselves of the opportunity immediately at hand. Most of us Christians are already making use of the Bible for certain specific purposes. We are either teachers or pupils in the Sunday schools. We are following out in family worship or in our private devotions a course of reading. To be sure, we are to use our best judgment in deciding upon our system and method, but when that has been settled we need to apply ourselves to it with the same diligence and perseverance which we bring to the study of anything else. No one gets anything of value out of Shakespeare or Tennyson who dawdles over the pages with his thoughts far removed from the passage under contemplation. If we scrimp the time which we give to our Bibles, if we wait until ten minutes before the hour for going to Sunday school and then snatch up a quarterly for a hasty glance, we are practically throwing away the few minutes and the superficial attention which for respectability's sake we are giving to the Scriptures. Whatever kind of definite use of the Bible your routine program of life includes, determine to lay hold of all its possibilities.

There are other equally valuable and perhaps personally more congenial approaches to the Scriptures. One ought to acquire an individual fondness for the Bible. He ought to have his favorite books and chapters and verses, to which he turns for refreshment as the lover of Browning resorts to certain great poems of that master of verse. It pays, also, to take up the Scriptures from time to time with a particular end in view. Now let it be the history that you endeavor to grasp; again make a specialty of Biblical biography; and at still another time concentrate your efforts upon its poetry or its ethical maxims.

Above all, in all our study and reading of the Bible let us have in mind its practical serviceableness. As has been well said, the Bible is not given us to teach us how the heavens go, but how to go to heaven, to give us a true and many-sided knowledge of God and of Christ—to make us Christlike. In the long run it is the simple, trusting, obedient, devout souls that get the most from the Bible, for they have learned that there is no other book in the world which will bring them such solid comfort, such constant inspiration in their daily struggle to rise into a noble life.

Parallel verses: Prov. 2; John 5: 39, 40; Acts 17: 10; 2 Tim. 3: 14, 17; 2 Pet. 1: 19-21; Phil. 4: 9; Rom. 15: 4; Rev. 1: 3; 22: 6, 7.

Literature

BOOK REVIEWS.

Studies Subsidiary to the Works of Bishop Butler, by the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone. To the majority even of the graduates of our colleges the name of Bishop Butler suggests severe and painful efforts in their student days to grasp the meaning of his *Analogy of Religion to the Constitution and Course of Nature*, and of his three sermons on Human Nature. It is doubtful if many since leaving college have given much thought to the Bishop's arguments, even if willing to admit their importance. The style which the Bishop employed is, to say the least, somewhat lacking in simplicity and perspicuity. Even Mr. Gladstone confesses the difficulty with which his favorite author is understood. Nevertheless, he asserts that his style is for the purpose in hand the best possible, and that any efforts to improve it will be attended with failure.

We are thankful that Mr. Gladstone has thought it worth while to prepare an edition of the Bishop's works, analogy and sermons, with the necessary explanatory notes and cross references, so that hereafter it will be easier for those who desire to do so to make themselves familiar with the statements and arguments of the great thinker of the last century. In addition to this he has given us matter subsidiary, as he calls it, to the Bishop's works, which makes a volume of 370 closely printed pages. These essays and criticisms are of the highest value. Mr. Gladstone modestly calls them "studies." They fall into two groups, the first group comprising those essays or studies relating to the Bishop's personal life and mental habits, the method he employs in argument, its application to the Scriptures, his theology and his influence both in England and America.

The second and largest part of the book is composed of essays, some of which have already in substance appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, which relate to such topics as a future life, necessity and determinism, the mediation of Christ, probability the guide of life. Both subject and treatment, though in every respect Mr. Gladstone's, are yet suggested by views and expressions of Bishop Butler. In this sense, therefore, they are subsidiary to his writings. For most readers this second part of the volume will be the most attractive and helpful, but for those who really desire to enter into Bishop Butler's thought the first part of the book is most valuable. Here Mr. Gladstone points out with singular clearness the advantages of Bishop Butler's method in argument, estimates the value of his argument, shows its application to present day discussions, and affirms the reasonableness of the demand that, since we employ probability as a guide in the practical affairs of life, we should not hesitate to employ it in matters of religion.

Mr. Gladstone is very skillful in meeting the criticisms of such writers as Mr. Bagehot, Miss Hunnell, Mr. Leslie Stephen and Mr. Matthew Arnold. Cheerfully admitting the objections they have brought forward, which are grounded in reason, at the same time he points out the failure of these critics, in nearly every instance, fully to apprehend the meaning of the man whom they have criticised. He will not admit for a moment that Butler's usefulness is at an end. He insists that his method is the only legitimate method which we can now em-

ploy in our treatment of agnosticism, materialism, the relation of faith to science, and that in place of the exaggerated statements we so often employ it would be well to return to the quiet understatement of the great bishop.

We heartily commend Mr. Gladstone's volume to our readers. It is written in a clear, flowing style, is enriched with the author's ample learning and wide experience, and at the same time is sympathetic both with Bishop Butler and those who may have found it hard to read him with pleasure. [Macmillan & Co. \$2 00.]

LITERARY STUDIES.

Rubāyāt of Omar-Khayyām, English, French and German Translations Comparatively Arranged in Accordance with the Text of Edward Fitzgerald's Version . . . Collected and Edited by Nathan Haskell Dole. These two volumes have evidently been a labor of love. The text of the poem in Fitzgerald's translation, which may be said to have already become an English classic, takes twenty-three pages, the introduction, variants, notes, literary illustrations and index the remaining 753. Surely here is a monument of literary worship which the admirers of Fitzgerald and of Omar-Khayyām may rejoice in and call adequate. The spirit of the Persian poet has always fascinated a certain class of minds. Its enjoyment and despair, its insight into the mind of man and ironical pictures of the vanity of his life, its consciousness of beauty and delight in the intoxication of the moment heightened by a fatalism which surrounded it with black clouds of despair, and its subtle hint of faith appearing here and there have delighted and tantalized readers of a high intellectual class in different ages and lands. For those who have the requisite leisure and enthusiasm these books will bring delightful material for study. Joseph Knight Co. 2 vols. \$3 50.]

Select American Classics is an addition to the list of books prepared in order to make pure literature effective as a teaching instrument in our schools. It contains selections from Irving's Sketch Book, Webster's Orations and Emerson's Essays, with historical introductions and portraits, well printed and neatly bound. [American Book Co. 60 cents.]

BIOGRAPHY.

There is hardly a more fascinating and baffling character in all history than the Maid of Orleans. Popular interest in her marvelous career never flags but rather grows with the years which are steadily widening the distance between us. How else can we account for the almost simultaneous publication of three English books about her? *Jeanne d'Arc, Her Life and Death*, by Mrs. Oliphant, is written in an engaging style, and is full of enthusiastic recognition of the patriotism and devotion of the maid whom she constantly calls a great general. The book would seem to be derived from Mr. Andrew Lang and two or three other sources rather than from a careful study of all existing literature on the subject, and it is not without slight errors and misstatements. Possibly, as she was writing for the *Heroes of the Nations* series, there was a temptation to make the book romantic and picturesque rather than exact. She certainly has succeeded in giving us a striking and not easily forgotten picture of the peasant maiden of Domremy, whose

wonderful life covered only two decades. [G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1 50.]

In *Madame Roland, A Biographical Study*, Ida M. Tarbell gives the result of several years spent in Paris studying the life and times of this famous woman. The author has had the advantage of a friendship with the descendants of Madame Roland, who gave her the family legends as well as access to unpublished letters. The "new" features of the book are an account of the visit to Paris where, as her husband's envoy, she went to obtain a title which they thought he deserved for his services to the country but which she failed to procure; and a disclosure of the depth of her love for her husband throughout the early part of her life, a love which she was unwilling to admit during the last months when she was overwhelmed with the intensity of her passion for Buzot. These chapters form the chief value of the book for those familiar with the life of this powerful and attractive woman, while those less well informed will find it interesting and valuable throughout. [Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.]

SCIENCE.

In *Ice-Work, Present and Past*, T. G. Bonney, professor of geology at University College, London, sets forth the facts of glacial geology with the various interpretations and his own comments and criticisms. The matter is treated under three heads: Existing Evidence, Traces of the Glacial Epoch, and Theoretical Questions, and is valuable to students and not too scientific for the comprehension of the average reader. [D. Appleton & Co. \$1 50.]

The Scenery of Switzerland, and the Causes to Which It Is Due, by the Rt. Hon. Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M. P., F. R. S., D. C. L., LL. D. The author of this book is a wonderfully versatile man, as the list of titles, which we print for once in full, reveals. Scientist, statesman and writer, he is one of the interesting personalities of modern England. In this book he has taken one of the most fascinating problems of dynamic geology and attempted in the case of a well known and much traveled country to show how the scenery which we all admire came to be in its present condition. No one has learned to get the most from the beauty of the natural features of a country until he has learned to distinguish and enjoy its individuality of natural form and the "personality" of its beauty—if we may be allowed the phrase. This enjoyment the author has made easy and interesting for others after evidently enjoying it himself. The book is not, however, light reading, and takes for granted some preliminary knowledge of geology, geography and some power of following careful thought and detailed description. [Macmillan Co. \$1.50.]

The Pith of Astronomy (without mathematics), by Samuel G. Bayne, with illustrations. Starting from the earth as a center this convenient little manual follows our solar system out to its limits and passes to the fixed stars, giving the most recently ascertained facts and conclusions briefly and clearly. The illustrations are admirable, and the book will be found convenient and valuable for reference, as well as instructive and helpful to beginners. [Harper & Bros. \$1.00.]

STORIES.

Embarrassments, by Henry James. Under this comprehensive title Mr. James has

given us a collection of four short stories, with the special titles of *The Figure in the Carpet*, *Glasses*, *The Next Time*, *The Way It Came*. Each of these stories is as carefully and fully wrought out as if prolonged through three volumes. In finish and beauty of style, in keen analysis of character, in descriptions of situations, somewhat exaggerated, it is true, of occurrences in actual life Mr. James is an acknowledged master. He is always clean and pure in what he writes and the lessons he conveys are wholesome and refreshing. In Mrs. Meldrum and Mrs. Jane Highmore we have personages whose real goodness of heart draws us to them and makes us wish to know them better than Mr. James permits us to do. The publishers have made a volume which in print, paper and binding leaves nothing to be desired. [Macmillan Co. \$1.50.]

Mr. William Black is a prolific writer, not influenced by the kind of fiction which happens to be in vogue, but producing novels of the same general character from year to year. In his latest story Mr. Black has taken a Greek title, *Briseis*, and has chosen the Acropolis—"so many centuries the cynosure of all the civilized world"—for the betrothal of his lovers, but otherwise there is nothing especially new in the tale. His style is always enjoyable, his descriptions of scenery delightful, and his characters strong, nature loving people. [Harper & Bros. \$1.75.]

My Fire Opal and Other Tales, by Sarah Warner Brooks. Story writers nowadays go far afield for fresh material. The author of this book draws upon her experience as a visitor to the prisons. There is not a touch of the weak sentimentality which makes a convicted criminal an object of special pity, and there is an abundance of Christian charity, the stories are worth telling and well told, and they carry a moral which does not need to be obtruded. The Story of John Gravesend, for example, without any forcing of the lesson or trick of style, is as grim and powerful a chapter upon the alcohol question as we have often read. [Estes & Lauriat. \$1.00.]

The Island of Dr. Moreau, a Possibility, by H. C. Wells, is a highly immoral book, not on the lines of sexual morality, but of the imagination and description of wanton and horrible cruelties of vivisection. Its monsters are not "a possibility," and the book has, in our judgment, absolutely no excuse. We advise our readers in the interest of their own peace and purity of mind to have nothing to do with it. [Stone & Kimball. \$1.25.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

The lines of study in the Chautauqua course, which opens in early autumn, embrace French and Greek history and art, also one or more departments of natural science. In preparation for this work the following text books have been issued and the name of the author of each is sufficient indication of the pains taken to bring the fruits of the ablest scholarship within the reach of the thousands who engage in this excellent and popular form of self education: *The Growth of the French Nation*, by Prof. G. B. Adams of Yale; *A Study of the Sky*, by Prof. H. A. Howe, director of Chamberlin Observatory, University of Denver; *A Survey of Greek Civilization*, by Prof. J. P. Mahaffy of Trinity College, Dublin; *A History of Greek Art* by Prof. F. B. Tarbell

of the University of Chicago, and *French Traits*, by Mr. W. C. Brownell. With the exception of the last one mentioned these volumes have been definitely prepared for the Chautauqua Reading Circle and are written in a style to delight the general reader no less than to instruct the special student. [Flood & Vincent. \$1.00 each.]

Few persons have a better opportunity to study the phenomena of life, in the realm of mind and spirit no less than on its merely material plane, than the Christian physician, and a book embodying the observations of such an one in the profession is usually full of sensible suggestions. *Thoughts for the People*, by Reuben Greene, M. D., who has practiced medicine for more than fifty years, is no exception to this rule. The laws which govern matters of diet, exercise, sleep and other bodily functions are set forth, not in technical but in plain language, and with a reverent spirit. The stress which he lays upon the influence of thought deserves the careful attention of those who have anything to do with the training of children. [Lee & Shepard. \$1.00.]

Some Correspondence and Six Conversations, by Clyde Fitch. This is a witty, albeit somewhat cynical, series of flash-light pictures of human nature. On the whole its moral position is sound in spite of the skating on thin ice of the opening chapter. But is it worth while to spend so much strength on the lower side of things? [Stone & Kimball. \$1.00.]

What One Can Do With a Chafing-Dish contains a great variety of recipes for this dainty and increasingly popular manner of cooking. Practical advice is also given in regard to the articles convenient to have on hand for chafing dish use. The book is prettily gotten up, and is prefaced with appropriate quotations. [John Ireland. \$1.00.]

To meet the revival of the interest in genealogy a convenient little *Family Record* has been prepared with spaces for information about parents, grandparents and other matters of family interest, neatly bound and printed and for sale by Rowland B. Dodge, Worcester, Mass. [50 cents.]

NOTES.

— Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull, editor of the *Sunday School Times* has published four books since January and is said to have another ready for the press. It is sad, but not surprising, to learn that with this and all his editorial and teaching work he has broken down and must have absolute rest for a while.

— The opening of the Goethe-Schiller archives in Weimar recently is a literary event of the first importance to Germany. The collection contains the letters, manuscripts and other memorials of the two greatest German poets besides other collections relating to less famous writers. The accumulation of these materials will help to make Weimar the literary center of Germany.

— Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, the English preacher and author, tells this story against himself: "When I was going with my boy for a day's trout fishing on the loch, we chanced to meet with a grave Scotch divine, who said, 'Pray, sir, are ye the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse?' 'I am,' said I, with all the cheeriness that a holiday puts into a tired Londoner. 'Ye are not what I pictured ye when I read your buiks,' said he. 'I am very sorry,' I stammered. 'Ah, but when I read your buiks I pictured ye as long and teen and sanctimonious looking!'"

— Congregational ministers in Chicago

have recently come forward in increasing numbers as authors. Dr. Noble has published a volume of sermons on *The Divine Life in Man*. Rev. J. M. Campbell of Lombard is the author of two volumes, *Unto the Uttermost* and *The Increasing Christ*, both thoughtful and valuable books. Dr. John M. Williams has issued two volumes of *National Theology*. Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus has already attained fame as the author of a volume of sermons, *The Transfiguration*, other sermons, of a novel, called *Monk and Knight*, in two volumes, and of two volumes of poetry, *Phidias* and *Songs of Day and Night*. Dr. J. A. Adams of *The Advance* has written a novel entitled *Col. Hungerford's Daughter*, in which social questions are discussed. Dr. Simeon Gilbert some years since published a little book giving the history of the adoption of the International Sunday School Lessons. Rev. H. T. Sell has two books on sale, *Supplemental Bible Studies*, which has had a wide circulation, and *Bible Study by Books*, just issued. Both are published by the Revell Company. Professors in the seminary have also been busy with their pens.

— Professor Fisk's *Manual on Preaching* is in its third edition, is well known and highly valued. Prof. S. I. Curtiss has published a work on the *Levitical Priesthood*, which required much research, also a life of Prof. Franz Deltzsch and a little volume in reply to Ingersoll on the *Mistakes of Moses*. Professor Gilbert has a work on the *Life of Jesus* for the use of students, which has been warmly received, and Prof. H. M. Scott has a volume of lectures delivered to the students of Princeton Theological Seminary on the *Nicene Theology*, in which he undertakes to demolish the positions of the school of Ritschl and to show that the statements of the Nicene Creed grew naturally out of the opinions of the Fathers and New Testament writers. Professor Mackenzie has a book on *The Ethics of Gambling*. One or two small volumes on subjects connected with Sunday school work from his pen have been published in Great Britain. Professor Willcox is the author of a novel, *Beyond the Veil*, and a practical volume on *Pastoral Theology*. The work of the professors, and of Dr. G. N. Boardman also, appears in the valuable series of year-books known as *Current Discussions in Theology*. F. H. Revell Co. on this side the water and T. & T. Clark of Edinburgh are bringing out a volume by Rev. E. F. Williams, D. D., the representative of *The Congregationalist* in the West, entitled *Christian Life in Germany*.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Lee & Shepard, Boston.
STORY OF THE HUTCHINSONS. By John Wallace Hutchinson, edited by C. E. Mann, with an introduction by Frederick Douglass. 2 vols. pp. 495, 416. \$5.00.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York.
MILTON'S PARADISE LOST. Books I. and II. Edited by E. E. Hale, Jr., Ph. D. pp. 112.

THE SIR ROGER DE COVERLY PAPERS. Edited by D. O. S. Lowell, M. D. pp. 174.

MACAULAY'S LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON. Edited by Huber G. Buehler. pp. 110.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. Edited by Mary A. Jordan. pp. 205. 75 cents.

ROBERT SOUTHBY'S LIFE OF NELSON. Edited by Edwin L. Miller. pp. 297.

Hominis Book Co., Vineland, N. J.
MANHOOD'S MORNING. By J. A. Conwell. pp. 242.

Star Publishing Co., Chicago.
HOW MARCUS WHITMAN SAVED OREGON. By Oliver W. Nixon, M. D., LL. D. Fifth edition. pp. 339. \$1.75.

Lea Bros. & Co., Philadelphia.
A HISTORY OF AURICULAR CONFESSION AND INDULGENCES. By H. C. Lea, LL. D. Vol. III. pp. 629. \$3.00.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.
LAYS OF A WANDERING MINSTREL. By Anne V. Culbertson. pp. 180. \$1.00.

PAPER COVERS.

Lee & Shepard, Boston.
WHAT IS AN HONEST DOLLAR? By Fairplay. pp. 31. 25 cents.

Charles A. Keeler, Berkeley, Cal.
THE PROMISE OF THE AGES. By C. A. Keeler.

MAGAZINES.

August. CHAP-BOOK.—FRANK LESLIE'S QUIVER.—FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.—NINETEENTH CENTURY.—OUR DAY.—GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.—SUNDAY.—GOOD WORDS.

September. PALL MALL.—CARSELL'S.

News from the Churches

Meetings to Come.

NEW HAMPSHIRE FEMALE CENT INSTITUTION AND HOME MISSIONARY UNION, annual meeting will be held in connection with the meetings of the General Association at Littleton, Sept. 23, at 2 o'clock P. M. Mrs. H. S. Caswell of New York will address the ladies. Auxiliaries are requested to send delegates. All women interested in home missions are cordially invited.

ALICE M. NIMS, Secretary.

Benevolent Societies.

THE CONGREGATIONAL HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY is represented in Massachusetts by the MASSACHUSETTS HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY, No. 9 Congregational House, Rev. Joshua Colt, Secretary; Rev. Edwin B. Palmer, Treasurer.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION, Room No. 32, Congregational House. Office hours, 9 to 5. Annual membership, \$1.00; life membership, \$20.00. Contributions solicited. Miss Annie C. Bridgman, Treasurer.

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS, Congregational House, No. 1 Somerset Street, Boston. Frank H. Wiggin, Assistant Treasurer; Charles E. Sweet, Publishing and Purchasing Agent. Office in New York, 121 Bible House; in Chicago, 153 La Salle St.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS, Rooms 1 and 2 Congregational House. Miss Ellen Carruth, Treasurer; Miss Abbie B. Child, Home Secretary.

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION, Bible House, New York. Missions, United States, evangelistic and educational, at the South and in the West among the Indians and Chinese. Boston office, 21 Congregational House; Chicago office, 153 La Salle Street; Cleveland office, Y. M. C. A. Building. Donations may be sent to either of the above offices, or to H. W. Hubbard, Treasurer, 108 Bible House, New York City.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH BUILDING SOCIETY—Church and Parsonage Building. Rev. L. H. Cobb, D. D., Secretary; H. O. Pinneo, Treasurer, 39 Bible House, New York; Rev. George A. Hood, Congregational House, Boston, Field Secretary.

CONGREGATIONAL EDUCATION SOCIETY.—(Including work of former New West Commission.) Aids four hundred students for the ministry, eight home missionary colleges, twenty academies in the West and South, ten free Christian schools in Utah and New Mexico. S. F. Wilkins, Treasurer. Offices, 10 Congregational House, Boston, 151 Washington St., Chicago, Ill. Address, 16 Congregational House, Boston.

CONG. SUNDAY SCHOOL & PUBLISHING SOCIETY.—Contributions used only for missionary work. Rev. George M. Boynton, D. D., Secretary; W. A. Duncan, Ph. D., Field Secretary; E. Lawrence Barnard, Treasurer, Congregational House, Boston.

MASSACHUSETTS BOARD OF MINISTERIAL AID.—Treasurer, Mr. Arthur G. Stanwood, 701 Sears Building, Boston. Address applications to Rev. A. H. Quint, D. D., Congregational Library, 1 Somerset Street, Boston.

MINISTERIAL RELIEF.—In order to afford a little timely aid to aged and disabled home and foreign missionaries and ministers and their families, the committee of the National Council asks from each church one splendid offering for its permanent invested fund. It also invites generous information for further information see Minutes of National Council, 1892, and Year-Book, 1893, page 62. Secretary, Rev. N. H. Whittlesey, New Haven, Ct.; Treasurer, Rev. S. B. Forbes, Hartford, Ct. *Form of request:* "bequeath to the Trustees of the National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States" (a body corporate chartered under the laws of the State of Connecticut) (here insert the bequest), to be used for the purpose of Ministerial Relief, as provided in the resolution of the National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States at its session held in Chicago in October, 1896.

THE CONGREGATIONAL BOARD OF PASTORAL SUPPLY, established by the Massachusetts General Association, offers its services to churches desiring pastors or pulpits supplied. Careful attention is given to applications from without the State. Room 22A, Congregational House, Boston. Rev. Charles E. Rice, Sec.

THE BOSTON SEAMAN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, organized 1827. Chapel and reading-room, 287 Hanover St., Boston. Open day and evening. Sailors and landsmen welcome. Daily prayer meeting, 11 A. M.; Bible study, 3 P. M. Sunday services, usual hours. Meetings every evening except Saturday. Branch mission, Vineyard Haven. Is a Congregational society and appeals to all Congregational churches for support. Send donations of money to B. S. Snow, Corresponding Secretary, Room 22, Congregational House, Boston. Send clothing, comfort bags, reading, etc., to Capt. S. S. Nickerson, chaplain, 287 Hanover St. Requests should read: "I give and bequeath to the Boston Seaman's Friend Society the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of said society." Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D. D., President; George Gould, Treasurer.

PASSING COMMENT ON THIS WEEK'S NEWS.

We are not surprised to read, after the statement that a Kansas church is denying itself pastoral service until its debts are paid, that its "spiritual condition was never better." A church taking such a stand for practical righteousness is in the best possible condition for a work of grace.

We note frequent invitations to ministers to preach in their former pulpits in vacation, an arrangement affording mutual enjoyment, we should think. Few ties are stronger and few reunions more delightful than these between pastor and people.

That college service in a Minnesota church might profitably be duplicated in other localities where increased interest in higher education is desired.

An exchange of pulpits for a month or more is a favorite method of securing partial rest and a change of surroundings at slight expense.

Reports from Kansas churches this week emphasize views advanced in a recent editorial on Redeeming the Hard Times.

NEW ENGLAND.

Boston.

Midsummer church-goers in our city and vicinity were privileged to hear visiting clergymen last Sunday, as follows: At Park Street, Rev. David Gregg, D. D., of Brooklyn; Old South, Dr. E. H. Rudd of Albion, N. Y.; Shawmut, Rev. C. M. Southgate of Auburndale; Highland, Rev. G. Y. Washburn of Waterville, Me.; Second Church, Dorchester, Rev. C. S. Mills of Cleveland, O.; Harvard Church, Brookline, Dr. John Wood of Bishop's Stortford, Eng.; Franklin Street, Somerville, Prof. E. S. Parsons of Colorado College.

Massachusetts.

EVERETT.—First. Rev. Oliver Brown, pastor 30 years ago, supplied acceptably Aug. 2. Rev. W. H. Ashley of Shelburne Falls preached Aug. 9 a thoughtful sermon. The 16 inst. Rev. G. Y. Washburn of Waterville, Me., was gladly welcomed back by his many friends, among them some of the large number of young people received into the church during his seven years' pastorate. Mr. Washburn preached for the Mystic Side church the previous Sunday.

NEWBURYPORT.—North. Rev. C. P. Mills is spending his vacation at Rye Beach, the church being closed in his absence.—Whitefield. Rev. J. H. Reid, pastor, is resting among the hills of Alton, on Lake Winnepesaukee, and the church is closed during August.—Prospect Street. Rev. M. O. Patton took a trip with Deacon Charles Bliss to Nova Scotia, and has since been in Maine. The church laments the death of one of her best young men, Mr. Edward S. Plummer.—Bellevue. The house of worship was closed one Sunday only in the absence of the pastor, who spent his vacation in Michigan. Aug. 18 was the 49th anniversary of the ordination over this church of the senior pastor, Rev. Daniel T. Fiske, D. D. The occasion was celebrated by the people after prayer meeting, who gathered about the parsonage door and sang, "Blest be the tie that binds." There is every prospect that this long pastorate will be graciously continued far beyond the half-century.—Oldtown. Rev. F. W. Sanborn, after 12 years of faithful and successful ministry, terminates his pastorate Oct. 31, contrary to the expressed desire of the church.

ATTLEBORO FALLS.—The council held June 23 came to a result which has just been made public. It unanimously found that charges against the pastor, Rev. J. H. McLaren, were "not proven," but that he had been "exceedingly indiscreet," and recommended that the church accept the resignation which he had offered. The council commented with some severity upon the "bitterness of spirit" shown by some of the witnesses, and of course it advised peace and harmony. The church has not yet taken action, because public worship is at present suspended.

AUBURN.—Work upon the new edifice is progressing rapidly. The pastor, Rev. C. M. Pierce, with his wife and son, the latter a student at Yale Divinity School, are spending their vacations at Barrington, R. I. They will return Sept. 1.

NORTH BROOKFIELD.—First. This church and society unite in extending to Rev. J. L. Sewall of Kansas City, Mo., a call to become their pastor, at a salary of \$1,500 and parsonage. There is a strong probability that he will accept.

WAQUOIT.—The people are rejoicing in a church house bought and fitted up by the women of the village. For 30 years the prayer meeting has been held in the schoolhouse and the farewell meeting there last week, led by the son of a former pastor, was tender and impressive. The following evening occurred the dedication of the new house, the program including a prayer and address by the pastor, Rev. H. K. Craig, and an address by Prof. William Fairley, D. D., of Philadelphia. The house contains a hall for social meetings, with ante-rooms, and a supper-room on the second floor with kitchen and pantry. During the pastor's vacation the pulpit is being supplied by the sons of Rev. Samuel Fairley, a former pastor, who are summer residents of the village.

SPRINGFIELD.—First. Repairs amounting to about \$3,000 are nearly completed, and it is expected that the building will be ready for use Sept. 1. The interior has been thoroughly renovated, the ceiling newly frescoed, and the pews varnished and recushioned. The book-racks will probably be provided with some arrangement for holding individual communion cups. Outside, a covered porch has been built between the main edifice and the chapel, for the protection in stormy weather of members of the Sunday school who have to cross from one to the other.

WILLIAMSTOWN.—White Oaks. The audience-room of the famous chapel built here by the late Prof. Albert Hopkins has been enlarged and the

other curious rooms renovated, without interfering with the original construction. About \$2,300, mostly the gift of outside friends, have been spent. Mr. Warren Morse, a student at Williams College, has led the people to this rare success. He now gives place to Mr. G. V. Stryker, three years a student at Princeton, N. J., and an earnest Christian worker.

Maine.

SOUTH PARIS.—The pastor, Rev. R. J. Haughton, and wife have returned from a five-weeks' vacation at St. John, N. B. The pulpit was supplied one Sunday by Rev. S. S. York, county missionary, and two Sunday mornings it was most acceptably filled by Rev. W. H. Bolster, D. D., of Dorchester, Mass., a native of the place. A good interest prevails, and the auditorium, which seats about 300, is often comfortably filled.

EAST STONEHAM.—Through the labors of Mr. E. W. Pond, a Yale student, a church was organized a year ago. Much interest is manifest. During the present pastorate sixteen members have been added on confession, eight of them men, and five heads of families. The audience-room is filled every Sunday, some attendants riding eight miles.

NORTH WATERFORD.—The parish has been abolished and the church incorporated according to the laws of the State. The building has been painted, a new furnace and new hymn-books furnished, and at present the question of horse sheds is being agitated.

PORTLAND.—St. Lawrence Street. The contract for the new edifice has been let. Mr. Payson Tucker is reported to have offered to furnish the trimmings of dressed granite, of which the estimated value is \$1,500, from his redstone quarries.

BLUEHILL.—Rev. A. J. Haynes of Harwich, Mass., preached Aug. 16. Professor Hill of Vassar presiding at the organ, assisted by Prof. Wulf Fries on the violoncello, in addition to the usual choir and Mr. Howe, soloist.

BETHEL.—Rev. G. Y. Washburn of Waterville supplied the pulpit during parts of July and August. His sermons were received with deep interest by the large congregations of townspeople and summer visitors.

BRIDGTON.—The pastor, Rev. George M. Woodwell, exchanged with Rev. E. P. Wilson of Woodford, who began his ministerial life here 27 years ago.

New Hampshire.

CORNISH.—For some years it has been the custom here to gather the aged people of this and neighboring towns for an annual old folks' festival in response to previous invitation. Such an occasion occurred at the church Aug. 19, and was largely attended, not only by the old people, but by many others who delighted to do them honor. Beside the usual social festivities, refreshments were served on tables for the "guests" of the occasion, while others enjoyed a basket picnic. Many sunny memories were carried away.

HILLSBORO CENTER.—More than a hundred parishioners called at the parsonage, Aug. 11, on the occasion of the 25th wedding anniversary of Rev. and Mrs. Samuel Eaton, to extend their hearty congratulations, and left behind them many useful and valuable presents as a testimonial of the high esteem in which the worthy couple are held by an appreciative people, for their own and their work's sake, here and in Bradford, where Mr. Eaton also supplies regularly.

DUBLIN.—Through the instrumentality of Rev. J. S. Colby of Marlboro, for the second summer the church has been opened and provision made for regular Sunday services. Dr. Lyander Dickerman of New York supplies for the present on Sunday mornings, and members of the C. E. Society of Marlboro have held other meetings, thus enlarging the sphere of their influence.

BARTLETT.—A movement started some time ago looking to the erection of a new church edifice has been successful, and ground has already been broken for its realization. This is a fine summer resort on the border of the mountain region, and often attracts many distinguished guests for summer rest, filling the church with attentive and interested hearers.

ACWORTH.—A fine orchard and other valuable real estate has lately come into possession of the church by the will of the late Judge J. H. Dickey.

Vermont.

MORRISVILLE.—The corner-stone of the new edifice was laid Aug. 12 with appropriate exercises, among which was a historical sketch read by Dr. J. A. Robinson and an address by Hon. P. K. Gleed. Among the numerous articles deposited in the corner-stone were a recent photograph of the old church, copies of the church manuals of 1875 and 1888, the historical sketch read on this occasion,

and a recent photograph of the pastor, Rev. G. N. Kellogg. The gavel used was carved from the cherry pulpit placed in the old meeting house in 1839.

SHARON.—The following bequests of the late Dr. E. K. Baxter have been made public: To the Mary Hitchcock Hospital \$5,000; the Vermont Domestic Missionary Society \$2,000; the American Board \$2,000; the Vermont Bible Society \$1,000; the A. M. A. \$1,000; the Vermont Humane Society \$500; the Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals \$500, and the Vermont Domestic Missionary Society in trust for Sharon Church \$1,500. The widow has a large interest in the estate, and a resulting trust may bring larger gifts to the societies mentioned than the original legacies.

COLCHESTER.—Mr. Clarence J. Harris, installed Aug. 11 as pastor over this church, went from a business life in Boston to the Lay College at Revere, Mass., after which he preached two years at Windham, Vt., a pastorate fruitful in conversions. Parts of the next two years he spent at Bangor Seminary, supplying during vacations at Londonderry and Peru, Vt. The council was pleased with his spirit and bearing, and thought his theological equipment remarkable considering his broken courses of study.

Connecticut.

FALLS VILLAGE.—The new bell tower recently completed is a handsome symmetrical structure over 60 feet high and 12 feet wide at the first story and 10 at the second, having dormer windows. The part in which the bell is hung is entirely open to give the sound full opportunity to escape. The inner doors are cloth-covered and open noiselessly either way. On the north side is a *porte-cochère* 15 feet long and 12 feet wide, well finished and conveniently arranged for carriages of all heights. This is a handsome addition to the church, and the new bell has long been needed.

SOUTHINGTON.—Rev. Samuel Dunham of Binghamton, N. Y., preached at both services at the First Church last Sunday, the Baptists uniting with the Congregationalists in the absence of their pastor. The new cushions had arrived and were used for the first time, and other improvements were completed.

PITMAN.—After Rev. F. D. Sargent's return from his European trip, the Ladies' Social Circle gave him a reception, which was largely attended by members of the church and congregation. He occupied his pulpit Aug. 16 for the first time since his return, being greeted by a large congregation.

ROCKVILLE.—The largest congregation for several weeks assembled Sunday, Aug. 16, when the new pastor, Rev. Charles E. McKibley of Yarmouth, Me., occupied the pulpit. His installation will occur Sept. 16.

WINDHAM.—A recent entertainment at the Center netted about \$90 for the church treasury. A large part of this sum came from the summer visitors.

THE INTERIOR.

Ohio.

CHARDON.—Rev. Owen Jenkins of Collinwood accepts a unanimous call to this place. The ladies have presented to the church a fine portrait of their late pastor, Rev. T. D. Phillips.

Illinois.

CHICAGO.—*Covenant.* This church, organized some years ago as a branch of the First Church and about 10 years ago becoming independent, receiving at that time, as a free gift from the mother church, the property it occupies, has so prospered as to require a new building. The house is now crowded uncomfortably at every service, and the Sunday school work seriously crippled by lack of room. Arrangements have now been made for a new two-story edifice of brick and stone, to cost \$30,000. It will occupy the present site (Polk Street and Claremont Avenue, West Side) and will be 100 feet x 63. The audience-room will seat 850 persons, the lecture-room 250 and the Sunday school room 1,000. Other rooms for committees, pastor's study and the like will be provided. Work upon the new structure is to begin soon. Rev. J. T. Blanchard is pastor.

Indiana.

INDIANAPOLIS.—*People's.* Rev. C. N. Pond of Oberlin, O., occupied this pulpit Aug. 16, and spoke also in the Presbyterian Tabernacle and other churches in the interest of industrial education among the colored people. Collections were taken in behalf of the work.—*Union.* This church, organized last April and at present in care of Rev. O. D. Fisher, has secured the paid up deeds of desirable lots, and has let contracts for the edifice upon plans designed by Mr. Fisher. It expects to complete the work of erection this fall.—*Broad Ripple.* Rev. Oscar C. Helming, pastor at Atchinson, Kan., who was instrumental in gathering this

church, while visiting his parents at Indianapolis supplied its pulpit Aug. 23.—*Brightwood* has appointed a building committee and has planned to remove the present small building to the rear of the lot for a chapel and erect a more commodious house for public worship. This step is made necessary by the inadequacy of the present structure to accommodate the people.—*Pilgrim.* Mrs. Mary A. Ayres of Huntsville, O., is temporarily supplying the pulpit to the satisfaction of the congregation. She is the wife of a former Ohio army chaplain, and has had much experience in church work.

FORT WAYNE.—*South.* Aug. 13, during a severe storm, a thunderbolt shattered the graceful spire and seriously damaged the front gable. The building had been repaired and renovated during the past few months at considerable sacrifice, and further need of expenditure is to be deplored.

Wisconsin.

SUN PRAIRIE.—The golden jubilee of the church was celebrated Aug. 19, with appropriate services, in which all denominations joined in a spirit of hearty good fellowship. The program included a historical sketch by Miss Fannie Carleton, a retrospective address by Rev. H. A. Miner, another of a prophetic nature by Mr. H. H. Jacobs, and greetings from former pastors and neighboring clergymen, including the Catholic priest. One of the most enjoyable features was a banquet in which about 130 persons participated. Rev. H. F. A. Oberhaus is the present pastor.

THE WEST.

Iowa.

BURLINGTON.—The exercises commemorating the 50 years' pastorate of Dr. William Salter, which took place April 12, have been preserved in an attractive memorial volume, giving the full text of the pastor's anniversary sermon, with other addresses, and illustrated with photographs of persons chiefly concerned in the history of the church.

CLEAR LAKE.—Owing to the illness of Rev. Edwin Ewell, who has been serving this people during the pastor's vacation, the pulpit was supplied, Aug. 16, by Rev. C. P. Boardman of Webster City. Rev. N. L. Packard of Buffalo Center will preach Aug. 23.

OGDEN.—Rev. S. D. Horine has been unable to preach since April on account of illness. He had recovered sufficiently to drive out, but recently has suffered relapse. The church is without regular pastoral supply.

Minnesota.

GARVIN.—Since the coming of Rev. R. H. Upton a subscription has been raised for a parsonage and the work begun, the pastor doing much of it with his own hands. This substantial advance greatly cheers the little church, with its yoke-fellow at Custer.

NEW RICHLAND.—Rev. F. H. Oehler, the first resident pastor, has completed his year's service. Work has been begun at an out-station and the church greatly strengthened. He accepts an invitation to remain another year.

GROVELAND.—Rev. E. E. Rogers has completed a pastorate of three years in this little church on the shores of Lake Minnetonka. Upon his resignation his son, Mr. Walter P. Rogers, was invited to preach for two months.

OWATONNA.—The departure of Rev. J. A. Chamberlin, who goes to the First Church, Newark,

N. J., occasions genuine regret, not only in his own church, but in the ranks of the ministry throughout the State.

PELICAN RAPIDS.—A Sunday service was recently held in the interest of Carleton College. Present and former students spoke arousing much interest, and three new pupils have been secured to enter this fall.

Mr. H. H. Stutson, a student from Chicago Seminary, has labored at Detroit for the summer, greatly to the uniting of the church.

Kansas.

SALINA.—Several churches have joined in union services on Sunday evenings. August 2 the topic was Church Music. Rev. T. V. Davies of the Congregational church took charge of the elaborate musical program, and other pastors spoke on What Can the Choir, the Church and the Pastor Do to Improve Church Music? The members number 180 and are progressing along spiritual lines. The

Continued on page 312.

First

Last and always advertised as a true blood purifier, the most wonderful cures on record are made and the greatest sales won by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I was afflicted with scrofula and was in such a condition I was hardly able to walk. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla by the advice of friends, and after I had taken a few bottles I was almost well. I have found this medicine the best of anything I could get for scrofula."—R. O. CHANDLER, Push, Va.

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FATAL ECONOMY.

Excepting marriage, there is no noose so attractive as a bargain. You can run your head quite easily into this noose by over-cultivating your economy until, from a virtue, it becomes a vice.

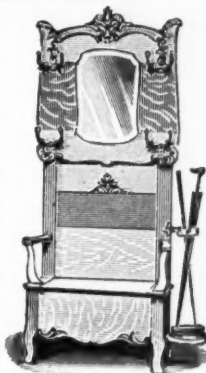
Don't do it! You cannot have value without cost. Take a single case—for example, the purchase of a Hall Stand. Would you rather pay us \$18.50 for a finely built piece of cabinet work like this, or would you rather pay elsewhere \$15 for some cheaper pattern, and lose in beauty, convenience, style and durability at least the equivalent of \$10?

In the above design the back is paneled, with a projected upper section carved in deep relief. The glass is French plate, with wide bevel.

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THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

The hope of each succeeding week, to be
able to chronicle an improvement in the in-
dustrial and commercial situation, does not
seem to blossom into reality. The distress
has been keener the past week, if anything.
Money is tight and very difficult of collection,
which factors aid in thrusting so many firms
into bankruptcy. Some important failures
occurred this week, and had not the present
bad state of affairs been largely provided
against by merchants large and small, failures
would be widespread throughout the country.

Aside from cotton, which strengthened on
reports of crop damage, agricultural products
continue terribly depressed. As regards corn,
another enormous crop is in prospect, and
good judges believe that this will drive the
price still lower, although present prices are
abnormally and ruinously low. This great
depression in farm products in the West is
plainly reflected by the small movement of
merchandise westward, the rate wars among
the railroads and the craze for the free coin-
age of silver.

In the iron trade apathy reigns supreme.
Few mills are running steadily, and no great
improvement in the situation is expected un-
til after election. An effort is making to
form an iron pipe pool, which is one of the re-
sults of the trade stagnation.

The cotton and woolen manufacturing in-
dustries show no improvement. More mills
are shutting down than are starting up, but
there is no market for the goods. Here, again,
no great change for the better is expected
until after the election. In lumber and
leather there is the same story to tell,
namely, lethargy all along the line.

A feature of the week in financial circles
has been the orders for imports of gold. The
fact that gold is being imported from natural
causes, for the first time since 1892, inspires
the hope that the country is actually about to
round the corner and leave panics and de-
pression behind it. This is a pretty hope, it
is true, but Wall Street speculators should
remember that a very important presidential
election is yet to come off, and that at the
present time the general trade situation is
very bad. Personally, the writer is of the
opinion that the next couple of years will
witness a period of prosperity, but during the
next few months several important questions
must be settled.

FALSE economy is practiced by people who buy
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Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet for
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blood is impure, your appetite failing, your nerves
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order and a man begins to feel
that life is worth living. He
who has become the gradual
prey of constipation, does not
realize the friction under which
he labors, until the burden is
lifted from him. Then his
mountains sink into mole-
hills, his moroseness gives
place to jollity, he is a happy
man again. If life does not
seem worth living to you, you
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Financial.

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Eighty-Fifth Semi-Annual Statement, January, 1896.

SUMMARY OF ASSETS.	
Cash in Banks.....	\$469,914.59
Real Estate.....	1,705,895.91
United States Stocks (market value).....	1,418,425.00
Bank, Trust Co., and Railroad Stocks and Bonds (market value).....	3,946,493.00
State and City Bonds (market value).....	855,927.33
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on Real Estate.....	463,009.13
Loans on Stocks, payable on demand.....	428,550.00
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents.....	515,227.06
Interest due and accrued on 1st January, 1896	32,185.92
	\$9,855,628.54

LIABILITIES.	
Cash Capital.....	\$3,000,000.00
Reserve Premium Fund.....	4,395,659.00
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Claims.....	752,514.13
Net Surplus.....	1,705,455.41
	\$9,855,628.54

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farmers, on well improved farms. I give my personal
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and interest coupon-notes and mortgages and applica-
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now earning you only 2, 3, or 4 per cent. in Savings Banks
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Boston Draft, or by personal check payable to my
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Continued from page 311.

financial burden is heavy because installments on the subscriptions for the edifice have to be paid in addition to current expenses. The church has a fine property and an open field in an important commercial center.

ALANTHUS AND FAIRVIEW WESTERN.—These new rural churches in Gove County were recognized by a council held in Banner Grove, near Collyer, July 21. They are the fruit of revivals conducted last winter by Rev. I. M. Waldrop, pastor at Buffalo Park and Collyer. He also preached regularly at these points and still has calls from needy districts impossible for him to reach.

OBERLIN.—The church has decided to remove its services from the courtroom to a commodious and more attractive hall. Though weakened by removals, it keeps bravely on with its work. A pound party was recently given to the pastor which netted a liberal sum.

NETAWAKA.—This church has systematically arranged to pay deficits on current expenses by Jan. 1, and will not engage a pastor till then. The regular services will be maintained by reading sermons, and the spiritual condition was never better.

ONEIDA AND GOSHEN.—These churches, whose edifices were destroyed by cyclones, are attempting to rebuild, but need more outside help to make this possible. They are anxious to get into their houses of worship this fall.

POWHATTAN AND COMET.—An arrangement has been made with Mr. A. W. Wyatt, a teacher in the vicinity who will study for the ministry, to supply for a few months while deficits in current expenses are being met.

The weekly prayer meeting at Valeda has been resumed and the opening is unusually good for effective Christian work this fall.—The Dunlap church mourns the loss by death of Deacon M. H. White, one of its most valued supporters.—The church at Alton has prospered during the summer under the care of a student and is well organized for progressive work.

In the greater part of the State sufficient rain fell in June and July, but the first half of August has been hot and dry. The corn is somewhat injured, but hopes of a full average crop are still entertained.

In all quarters of the State the churches are showing a progressive spirit, and making gain in spiritual efficiency notwithstanding the unusual financial stress.

North Dakota.

HATTON.—A promising church of six members was organized here Aug. 16, Rev. E. H. Stickney assisting. Rev. J. T. Killen of Portland is in charge.

PACIFIC COAST.

California.

SAN FRANCISCO.—*Third.* Under the lead of Rev. Wm. Rader \$250 have been raised for next year's C. E. convention.—*Fourth.* Rev. Frederick Flawith resigns the pastorate after 14 months' service. He is contemplating a return to England, his native land.—*Park,* despite the fact that Harvard Presbyterian Church has just moved into a new edifice on an adjacent corner, is prospering under the leadership of Rev. J. B. Orr. Hopes are entertained that the Church Extension Society will provide a lot worth \$6,000, upon which the church may build a modest chapel. Toward this enterprise Cooper Church, the youngest of the San Francisco sisterhood, has pledged twice the amount asked of her.—*Plymouth.* Dr. Williams goes East for a month's vacation. On the way he is to deliver an address at a large gathering of the Welsh in Denver, Col., early in September. Professor Lloyd of Pacific Seminary is to supply the pulpit for a part of the time, at least.

SAN JOSE.—Rev. H. M. Tenney, having returned from vacation, is ill with intermittent fever. Rev. J. C. Perkins of India spoke there and at Campbells Aug. 9, giving interesting addresses on work in his mission field. This brother is to speak at the several associations on the coast this fall.

Mr. William Kidd, once a member of the Salvation Army, having been approbated to preach, has gone to Trinity County to labor under the direction of Rev. H. Hammond Cole, residing at Weaverville, the county seat. A certificate has also been granted Mr. Arthur Alexander, a former student of Pacific Seminary. He is to labor at Beckwith, Plumas County, where a new edifice has just been erected.

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Is it getting thin—lessening in volume? If so, I can help you. If totally bald do not write. Select family patronage for ten years. Send self-addressed stamped envelope to Miss RACHEL T. WYATT, Centerville, Mass

BIOGRAPHICAL.

REV. MARK GOULD.

His years were close upon fourscore and five, yet was not their strength labor and sorrow. His eye saw, his ear heard, thought and memory were clear up to the hour when, murmuring "Home! home!" he went to his Father's house. Mr. Gould loved life, and strove to lead a full and helpful life. Great interests and great reforms, such as anti-slavery and temperance, he loyally supported. The Christian faith and ministry commanded his intense devotion. A clear and thorough thinker, he so revered the Word of God and had so proved its divine power that he was always ready with challenge or defense in behalf of the doctrines of grace. Prayer was to him a solemn reality, he kept lists of those for whom he interceded long after he had ceased to be their pastor. Possessing a strong love of poetry and an ability to express himself easily in verse, he published several volumes, the last of which, called "The Mosaic," from its great hero, had been a life work.

Mr. Gould was born in Wilton, Me., Dec. 2, 1811, graduated from Bowdoin College in 1837 and from Andover Seminary in 1841. He was ordained and installed in Andover, Me., in 1851. He also held pastorates in Standish and Monmouth, Me., and in Chichester and Nelson, N. H. For the past thirteen years he resided in Worcester, Mass., where he died Aug. 7. C. M. S.

CHARLES MARSH KITTREDGE, M. D.

Dr. Kittredge, well known as the superintendent for many years of a home for nervous invalids at Fishkill-on-Hudson, died very suddenly at his native place and summer home, Mt. Vernon, N. H., Aug. 19, at the age of fifty-eight. He had just closed a pleasant address at the reunion of the alumni of McCollom Institute, when he fell back and died almost instantly. The assembly was deeply moved, but at the instance of the chaplain of the day (Rev. C. P. Mills of Newburyport), began singing, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and when it was announced that he had gone they kept on singing, "Or if, on joyful wing." Dr. Kittredge was a graduate of Amherst College, 1862, an officer in the War of the Rebellion and an earnest, noble, liberal Christian man.

WEEKLY REGISTER.

Calls.

BERRY, Edw. A., Chattanooga, Tenn., to First Ch., Cedar Rapids, Io.
BOLTON, Chas. E., Kincardine, Can., to Garafraza and Belwood. Accepts.
CHAMBERLIN, Jas. A., Owatonna, Minn., to First Ch., Newark, N. J. Accepts, to begin at once.
COOK, Levi H., Gowrie, Io., to Jewell.
DAY, Chas. O., Brattleboro, Vt., to presidency of Talladega Univ., Ala. Declines.
DOANE, Frank B., to remain another year at Dayton, Wn.
ELLSWORTH, Jno. S., late of Newark Valley, N. Y., to Le Rayville, Pa., a former parish.
GRAY, John, Sibley, Io., to Howard and Vilas. Accepts.
HAMLIN, Cyrus, Beloit, Wis., to the normal department of Tougaloo University, Miss. Accepts.
HARRIS, Robt. N., Second Ch., Coaldale, Pa., to Mt. Carmel. Accepts.
HARWOOD, Clement M. G., Oak Park Ch., Minneapolis, Minn., accepts call to Fergus Falls.
HOUSE, Albert V., New Salem, Mass., declines call to Enfield.
JENKINS, Owen, Collinwood, O., to Chardon. Accepts.
KEPHART, Wm. H., Plymouth Ch., Binghamton, N. Y., to North Ch., New York city.
MILLS, Harlow S., Union City, Mich., to Benzonia.
MYLAN, George W., Freeport, Mich., to Carson City.
OEHLER, Fred H., to remain another year at New Richland, Minn.
PLASS, Norman, late of Vine St. Ch., Cincinnati, O., to Harrington, R. I. Accepts.
PRATT, N. Miller, Barton, Vt., to Bethany Ch., New York, N. Y.
SEWALL, Jno. L., Clyde Ch., Kansas City, Mo., to First Ch., N. Brookfield, Mass.
SHODALL, G. Ward, St. Johns, N. F., to Heath Ch., Halifax, Eng.
VAILE, Chas. S., to be acting pastor at Monrovia, Cal., for the rest of the year.
WRIGHTON, Jno., Beaumont, Mass., to Beechwood. Accepts, to begin work Sept. 1.

Ordinations and Installations.

HARRIS, Clarence J., o. and i. Colchester, Vt., Aug. 11. Sermon, Rev. J. P. Bixby; other parts, Rev. Messrs. A. D. Barber, T. D. Bacon and C. H. Merrill.
KELLEY, Matthew, o. Listowel, Can., July 30. Addresses by Rev. J. Morton and others.
RICE, Geo. H., o. Red Cliff, Col., Aug. 11. Sermon, Rev. F. T. Bayley; other parts, Rev. Messrs. Horace Sanderson, E. P. Root and Isaac McRae.

Resignations.

BRINTNALL, Loren W., Hartwick, Io.
COVELL, Arthur J., Waterbury, Vt., to accept a post-graduate scholarship at Harvard. Resignation will take effect Sept. 30.
EXCELL, Wm., Hennepin, Ill.
EXTENCE, Geo., Williston, N. D. He will return to Canada.
FLAWITH, Fred., Fourth Ch., San Francisco, Cal.
HUFFMAN, Wm. N., Tipton, Cal.
JENKINS, David T., Dwight, N. D., to take effect in October.
MCCLANE, Wm. R., Randall, Minn., to resume study at Carleton College.
MERRIAM, Frank N., Ventura, Cal., to take up post-graduate study. Resignation will take effect Sept. 10.
RICHARDSON, Chas. A., Genoa, Neb.
ROGERS, Enoch E., Groveland, Minn.
SANBORN, Francis W., Newbury, Mass., to take effect Oct. 31.
SECORD, A., Barrie, Ont., to resume study at Montreal College.
WADE, Justin G., Dongola and Mill Creek, Ill., to accept a call to Chicago.

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"Do I believe in fate?" queried Professor McComber of New York of a party of gentlemen in the smoker of a Washington south bound sleeper. "Many an argument have I had with the late Hon. James G. Blaine on this subject. He believed in fate, in destiny. I did not; though I do to a great extent today."

"A few years ago I, in company with a noted physician of Boston, started from the Hub to Florida. It was the first day of the terrible blizzard which cost Roscoe Conklyn and hundreds of others their lives. We were snow-bound in Connecticut until Thursday afternoon, when we slowly made our way to New York. We were due to leave New York that Thursday night at nine o'clock on the Tampa sleeper. Our berths were reserved. It was 10 o'clock before we reached New York, and the Florida train had left on time. We left Jersey City on the very early train the next morning, which reached Washington at 10.45 A. M. and Savannah, Ga., the next morning at 7 A. M., which was the same time the train leaving New York at 9 o'clock the night before reached Savannah, and from Savannah the sleepers of the two trains were consolidated and went on southward as one train."

"On this occasion, as travel was very heavy, each train went southward from Savannah as a section. The train which left New York at 9 Thursday evening comprised the first section. We were the second section; every seat was full in each train, and many were unable to secure accommodations on either."

"The sleeper of the first section went through to Tampa, and it was necessary that the doctor go on it in order to reach his winter home at Palatka that evening, as section No. 2 stopped at Jacksonville. The doctor tried to exchange seats with a Mr. Redmond of Montreal who was in the first section. This Mr. Redmond refused to do, though he did not go farther than Jacksonville that day."

"Just this side the Blackshear River we were signaled by a man waving a red handkerchief. Our train came suddenly to a halt, and we were informed that the bridge had given way and the entire train of eleven cars had come down a precipice of seventy feet."

"Dr. Flower took care of most of the wounded and that evening he took a car load of the wounded and 13 of the dead to Jacksonville. Had he not been there very many of the wounded would soon have been among the dead. Now, the wonderful part of this story is this: The lady and gentleman to whom was sold (Thursday evening in New York) the section Dr. Flower had had reserved for himself were in the midst of the wreck. The man was killed outright and the lady fatally injured, only living a few weeks. The Canadian who refused to exchange seats to accommodate the Doctor had both legs broken, his shoulder and elbow

badly mashed, besides being seriously injured internally. Twice was Dr. Flower saved from this terrible wreck."

"In 1884 Dr. Flower made a professional trip to Kansas. While in southern Kansas he took a day off for hunting. Wandering away from his companions while strolling along the border of the Indian Territory where game seemed most plentiful, he was surprised by four robbers who suddenly appeared from a thicket. He was ordered to throw up his hands. 'All right, boys,' he said, 'up goes my hands, but don't point your guns this way. The appearance of the muzzles gives me the neuralgia.' They seemed to enjoy his half impudent reply. After the leader had relieved him of his watch and money he shook hands with the Doctor and started to go, when Dr. Flower remarked, 'I don't mind your taking my money and watch, but I feel sorry for you because they can never do you any good.' 'Why so?' demanded the outlaw. 'Because you are now suffering with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, and have also a heart trouble which of itself must soon kill you.' 'How do you know I have kidney and heart trouble?' asked the robber. 'I did not think any one in this wide world could tell a sick man his trouble without asking any questions except Dr. R. C. Flower of Boston.' It was now the Doctor's turn. Drawing himself up to his fullest height, and fastening his eyes on the bandit, he said, 'I am Dr. Flower of Boston.' The robber said in a nervous tone, 'I have long wanted to see you. You can help me, can you not?' 'Yes, under certain conditions.' 'Name them,' said the robber. 'That you return to me what you have taken, and that you give me \$1,000, and change your present way of living.' 'I can only give \$700 today, but I will agree to the other terms.' 'All right,' said the Doctor. 'Now hands up and shell out,' and the robber good-naturedly handed over the \$700 and what he had taken from the Doctor. 'Now,' said Dr. Flower, 'give me your name and address.' 'My name is Bob Cockerel but send everything for me to Wm. Newmier, Mound City, Kan., and I will receive it, and I trust to your honor to preserve my secret.'

"Today Bob Cockerel under another, and his real, name is a happy, prosperous farmer, at the head of a family in northern Missouri."

"I have seen scores of Dr. Flower's patients at different times, and they all tell of his examination of their cases in the same accurate and wonderful way. I am thoroughly convinced that there is a kind of fate or destiny about that man which enables him to perform almost supernatural wonders in his profession."

"He is the most pleasing man personally you ever met. Polite, kind and sympathetic to an extreme; children are especially fond of him and never want to leave him. He is the most eloquent and fascinating orator on the American platform. His language is the expression always of the most beautiful and poetical speech."

"Socially he is genial and generous; he is absolutely fearless. I don't think he knows what fear is. He believes that whatever is, is best; that he is in this world to do a work, and that he will stay here until it is done. He has great confidence in himself, and has good reasons to have. I don't think he ever knew defeat, and if he did I don't think he would recognize it, or would be long in turning it to a victory. He is most peaceably inclined, but when forced to a fight, he is the most dangerous and determined foe man ever had."

"But the most wonderful feature of this wonderful man's life is his ability to diagnose accurately any disease in man, woman or child without asking a question or ever being told a thing. I am absolutely certain that there is not a sick man or woman on this earth, I don't care how subtle and complicated their disease, but that if Dr. Flower could take them by the hand he could tell them their exact condition better than they could tell him, and without asking a question or being told anything, and furthermore I believe he is the only living man who can do so, unless it is his eldest son, R. C. Flower, Jr., whom, I understand, has inherited the same gift. And when a man can tell a patient his disease accurately and in detail, without having had previous knowledge, he is not likely to make mistakes in treating his patient."

"Here is a tabulated and condensed statement," said Professor McComber, "from authentic reports of Dr. R. C. Flower's wonderful and almost miraculous work in curing the sick, and any sick person within reach of Dr. R. C. Flower should not fail to see him."

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"Mrs. J. R. Sprague, of Brewster, N. Y., cured of cancer of stomach and womb, when given up as incurable by nearly all the physicians of the country."

"Mrs. M. C. McComber, Balston Spa, N. Y., of the most malignant internal growths when given up as incurable and abandoned to the knife by the leading physicians of the State."

"Mrs. Horn, wife of the Maine tanner, J. S. Horn, of Norway, Me., was cured of similar troubles after two operations had been performed and the growth had returned, and she had been given up as incurable by the most eminent physicians of the east."

"Dr. M. F. Brooks, of Portland, Me., one of the most brainy, cultured and prominent men of the east, was cured by Dr. R. C. Flower of a fungus growth in the stomach after it had ruined his health and almost ruined his life."

"Mrs. Josephine Boardman, Norwich, Vt., was cured of a desperate and developed case of blood poisoning and cancer after all hope had been abandoned."

"Miss E. A. Marshall, of Stowe, Vt., one of the most beautiful and accomplished young women of New England, cured of bronchial and lung consumption."

"Mrs. J. A. Clough, of Holyoke, Mass., cured of lameness of eight years' standing, after going on crutches for five years."


"Theodore Harrington, Southbridge, Mass., one of the largest manufacturers and most prominent men of New England, cured of fungus cancer of stomach and catarrh of the bowels, after he had been given up by numerous physicians as incurable, and had returned from Hot Springs, Ark., to his home to die, has gained since his cure 48 pounds in weight."

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fleece
as white
as
snow
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time
she washed
it well
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